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LOVE IS DEAD.

BY CATHARINE FILER.

Love, O Love, so lying dead,
Rigid limbed and icy chill,
Pressing your rosy bed
Still sadly calm and still
Rise up, rise up, no more
Be buried deep in yore.
For hearts fain would forget,
Fain would forgotten be.

Roses have crowned thy brow,
Tremulous as thy heart;
Broke, the roses now,
Festered the flowers fierce smart.
But the bliss and pain are past,
Death, death has come at last;
But we may not forget,
Nor thou forgotten be.

How better far is death
Than thy red rose, O pain!
O passion! and O breath!
O anguish, food as vain!
O Love! that lieth dead
Upon thy rosy bed,
That hearts fain would forget
Couldst thou forgotten be!

Aye, Love doth lie in death,
Cold in our hearts he lies;
The spirit draws a breath
Fraught with grieved agonies;
For the past was wild and vain,
And love consuming pain.
Ah! if we might forget,
And might forgotten be!

Not in the Heaven beyond
Would I know thee, agony;
I would have no seraph fond,
Fold me in ecstacy
May Heaven be naught but dreams,
By calm pellucid streams,
Where we may all forget
And all forgotten be!

SIDONIE,
THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK IV.

III.—[*Continued.*]

When the consciousness of things returned to him, he was seated on the bench occupied by the workmen on pay days, his cloak on the ground, his cravat untied, his shirt open, ripped by the knife of Sigismond. Happily for him he had cut his hands when he tore at the screen; the blood had flowed abundantly, and that had sufficed to save him from an attack of apoplexy. When he reopened his eyes, he saw beside him Sigismond and Madame George, whom the old cashier had gone to find in his distress. As soon as Risler could speak, it was to her he addressed himself chokingly:

"Is it true, Madame Chorche, is it true, what he tells me?"

She had not the courage to deceive him and turned away her eyes.

"So," continued he, "so the house is lost, and it is I——"

"No, Risler, my friend. No, it is not you."

"My wife, is it not? Oh, this is horrible. See how I have paid you my debt of gratitude. But you, Madame Chorche, you have not believed me the accomplice of this infamy?"

"No, my friend, no. Calm yourself. I know that you are the most honest man on the face of the earth."

He looked at her a moment, his lips trembling, his hands joined, for all the manifestations of this ingenuous being had about them something infantile.

"Oh, Madame Chorche, Madame Chorche!" he murmured. "When I think that it is I who have ruined you——"

In this great blow which had fallen on him and by which his heart, full of love for Sidonie had been above all stricken, he saw only the financial disaster of the house of Fromont caused by his blindness for his wife. All at once he raised up briskly.

"Well," said he, "let us not distress ourselves. We must settle our accounts."

Madame Fromont grew afraid.

"Risler, Risler, where are you going?"

She thought he was going to George.

Risler understood her and gave a superb smile of disdain:

"Reassure yourself, Madame. Monsieur Chorche can sleep tranquilly. I have something more pressing to do than avenge my honor as a husband. Remain here—I will return."

He flew up the little stairway; and believing in his word, Claire waited with Planus in one of those supreme and indecisive moments which seem long from the multitudes of suppositions which fill them.

A few instants after, a noise of hurried steps, a rustling of a dress, filled the narrow and sombre stairway.

Sidonie appeared first, in her ball dress, splendid, and so pale that her jewels, sparkling all over her white skin, seemed more alive than herself, sown upon the cold marble of a statue. The excitement of the dance, the agitation of her emotion and of her rapid passage, had entirely overcome her, and her light ribbons, her ornaments, her flowers, her rich, worldly attire, hung about her tragically. Risler followed her, loaded with jewel cases, with little boxes, with papers. When he had arrived up-stairs he had thrown open his wife's secretary, had taken everything of value in it, jewels, bonds, the deed of the chalet of Asnieres; then from the doorway of the chamber, he had called into the hall in a loud voice:

"Madame Risler!"

She had run to him very quickly, so that nothing of this rapid scene had deranged the guests, then in all the animation of the soiree. Seeing her husband standing before the secretary, the drawers open, forced, overturned upon the carpet with the thousand nothings they contained, she comprehended that something terrible had taken place.

"Come quick, said Risler; "I know all!"

She strove to assume an innocent and proud look, but he seized her by the arm with such violence that the words of Frantz came back to her mind: "He will die of it, perhaps, but he will kill you first!" As she was afraid of death, she allowed herself to be drawn along without resistance, and had not even the courage to lie.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a low voice.

Risler did not reply. She had only time to throw over her bare shoulders, with that care of herself which she never forgot, a scarf of light tulle; and he drew her, pushed her rather, down the office stairway, which he descended after her, his steps in hers, fearing to see his prey escape him.

"See," said he, as he entered. "We have stolen, we make restitution. Here, Planus, here's something to raise money on!" And he laid upon the cashier's desk all the elegant spoils with which his arms were loaded, feminine gewgaws, little objects of coquetry, stamped papers.

Then, turning towards his wife:

"Now, your jewels. Come, quick!"

She moved slowly, opened with regret the springs of bracelets and buckles, and above all the magnificent clasp of her diamond necklace, in which the initial of her name sparkling "S"—seemed a serpent asleep, a prisoner in a circle of gold. Risler thinking the process too long roughly broke the frail attachments. The ornament cried out under his fingers as if chastised.

"My turn, now," said he, after this. "I must surrender all, too! Here is my portfolio. What travel!—what days!"

He looked, he searched, feverishly.

"Ah, my watch—with the chain that is good for a thousand francs. My rings, even my engagement ring—all to the treasury. All. We have a hundred thousand francs to pay this morning. As soon as it is day, I must go to the country to sell, to liquidate. I know a man who wants the chalet of Asnieres. That can be disposed of at once."

He talked, he acted alone. Sigismond and Madame George looked at him without a word. As to Sidonie she seemed inert, unconscious. The cold air, which came from the garden, through the little door, half open since Risler fainted, made her shiver, and mechanically she drew about her the folds of her scarf, her eyes fixed, her senses stupefied. Did she hear the violins of her ball sounding in the intervals of silence like bitter irony, with the heavy steps of the dancers shaking the floors? A hand of iron, laid upon her, drew her suddenly from her torpor. Risler had taken her by the arm and pulled her before the wife of his partner.

"Down on your knees!" said he.

"Madame Fromont drew back, protested.

"No, no, Risler, not that!"

"It must be," said Risler, implacable. "Restitution—reparation. Down on your knees, wretch!" And with irresistible force he threw Sidonie at Claire's feet, then, holding her still by the arm:

"Repeat after me, word for word, what I am going to say: 'Madame——'"

Sidonie, half dead with fear, repeated slowly:

"Madame——"

A MATTER OF TASTE.

"A whole life of humility, of submission——"

"A whole life of humil——. No, no, I cannot!" cried she, leaping up with the bound of a stag; and, shaking off the grasp of Risler, she darted out at the open door which had tempted her since the commencement of this frightful scene, had summoned her to the blackness of night and the liberty of escape, ran through the falling snow and the wind which beat upon her bare shoulders.

"Stop her, stop her—Risler, Planus, I entreat you. For pity's sake, do not let her depart thus!"

Planus took a step towards the door.

Risler arrested him.

"I forbid you the alle. I ask your pardon, Madame, but we have other matters to attend to more important than that—Madame Risler no longer removes us here. We have the honor of the house of Fromont to save—it is the sole thing at stake—the sole thing that absorbs me now. Planus, to your desk, and let us make up our accounts."

Sigismond put out his hand.

"You are a brave man, Risler. Pardon me for having suspected you."

Risler seemed not to hear him.

"A hundred thousand francs to pay, say you? How much have you on hand?"

Gravely he seated himself behind the screen, turning over the account-books, the bonds, opening the jewel cases, estimating will. Planus, whose father had been a jeweler, all those diamonds which he had formerly admired upon his wife without troubling himself about their value.

During this time, Claire, all of a tremble, was looking out of the window at the garden white with snow, in which the footprints of Sidonie were already effaced by the falling flakes, as if to testify that this furtive departure had in it no hope of a return.

Above they were still dancing. They thought the mistress of the house occupied with the approaching supper, whilst she fled thus, with uncovered head, choking with cries of rage and tears.

Where did she go?

She fled like a lunatic, traversing the garden, the courts of the manufactory, the vaults where the minister and ley wind was engulfed. Pere Achille had not recognized her: he had seen so many silhouettes enveloped in white pass that night.

The young wife's first thought was to rejoin the tenor Carabosi, whom, truth to tell, she had not dared to invite to her ball but he dwelt at Montmartre, and that was too far for her to go as she was then clothed; besides, he might be from home. She would have been well received by her parents, doubtless; but she already heard the lamentations of Madame Chebe, and the speech, under three heads, of her father Then she thought of Delobelle, of her old Delobelle. In the overthrow of all her splendors she recalled him who had been her first instructor in worldly ways, who had given her lessons in dancing and grace when she was a child, had smiled at her pretty fancies, and had learned her to think herself handsome before any one had spoken of her good looks. Something whispered to her that this man would champion her against all the others. She entered one of the carriages which were standing at the gate, and ordered the coachman to take her to the actor's lodgings in the Boulevard Beaumarchais.

For some time past Mother Delobelle had made straw hats for exportation, a woeful trade which scarcely brought her two francs fifty centimes for twelve hours of toil.

And Delobelle continued to grow fat as rapidly as his vanished wife wasted away. At that very moment he was about to sit over a dish of fragrant soupe *au fromage*, kept hot in the ashes of the hearth, when a brisk knock was heard at his door. The actor, who had been to see played at the Beaumarchais some sinister drama stained with blood even to the colored cuts of its posters, trembled at this rap coming at such an unwonted hour.

"Who's there?" asked he, somewhat agitated.

"It is I—Sidonie. Open the door. Quick."

She entered all of a shiver, and casting aside her scarf, went straight to the hearth upon which the fire was about dying.

She spoke at once, in loose that anger which had been strangling her for an hour; and whilst she recounted the scene at the manufactory, inverting the sound of her voice on account of Mother Delobelle asleep near by, the luxury of her toilet on this fifth flat so empty and so poor, the shining white of her apparel out of place among the pitiful rough hats, the bits of straw scattered through the apartment, all gave the impression of a drama, of one of those terrible upsettings of life in which all ranks, opinions, fortunes, find themselves rudely confounded.

"Oh, I will never return! All is over! I am free, free!"

"But," asked the actor, "who could have denounced you to your husband?"

"It was Frantz. I am sure it was Frantz. From any one else he would not have believed it. Only yesterday a letter arrived from Egypt. Oh, how he treated me before that woman. Forced me to go down on my knees. But I will avenge myself. Happily I secured the means before quitting the house."

And her old time smile crept like a serpent about the corners of her pallid lips.

The old actor had heard all this with great interest. Despite his compassion for that poor devil Risler, for Sidonie even, who seemed to him, in the style of the theatre, "a beautiful rubbit," he could not prevent himself from looking at the affair in a point of view purely histrionic and he finished by crying out, carried away by his mania:

"What a splendid situation for a fifth act!"

She did not hear him. Absorbed by some evil idea over which she smiled in advance, she drew nearer the fire, her fine stockings, her light shoes wet by the snow.

"And now, what will you do?" asked Delobelle, after a moment's pause.

"Remain here until day. Rest myself a little. Then I will see——"

"I have no bed to offer you, my poor child. Mother Delobelle has retired.

"Do not worry yourself about me, my good Delobelle. I will sleep in this arm chair. I am not troublesome."

The actor sighed.

"Ah," yes, that arm-chair. It was our poor Zizi's. She has sat up in that many's the night, when the work was pressing. Alas! those who have gone before are assuredly the happiest!"

He had always at his disposal one of those egotistical and comodin maxims. Scarcely had he pronounced this one than he perceived with horror that the words were commencing completely to cool Sidonie's blood.

"You were about to take supper? Let me wait it."

"Yes, yes. That's part of the trade of the rude existence which we lead, we others. For you see, my child, I hold on. I have not renounced. I will never renounce."

That which remained still of the soul of Desiree in that miserable household, where she had lived for twenty years, might well have trembled at that terrible declaration. He would never renounce! Delobelle continued:

"They do well to say it is the finest profession in the world. You are free, you depend on no one. All to fatter and to the public! Ah! I know what I would do were I in your place. You were not born to live with these clowns. You are made for the artistic existence, the fever of success, and unforeseen, the emotions!"

Whilst talking, he seated himself, tucked his napkin under his chin, and he helped himself to a large plate of soup.

"Without counting that your triumphs as a pretty woman will not hurt your success as an actress," he continued. "What do you think. You ought to take some lessons in declamation. With your voice, intelligence, means, you would have a magnificent future."

And, all at once, as if to initiate her into the joys of the dramatic art:

"But what am I thinking of! You have not supped? That undermines the emotion; seat yourself there, take that plate. I am certain you have not partaken of *soupe au fromage* for a long time."

He turned the closet upside down to find a cover, a napkin; and she seated herself opposite to him, aiding him and laughing at the difficulties of the installation. Already she was less pale. There was even in her eyes a pretty sparkling made of the tears of an instant agone and the gaiety of now.

The actress!

All the good fortune of her life was lost forever: honor, family, wealth. She had been driven from her home, despoiled, disgraced. She had undergone every humiliation, every disaster. That did not prevent her from supping with a marvellous appetite, and from listening joyously to the pleasantries of Delobelle upon her vocation and future success. She felt gay, happy, *en route* for the land of Bohemia, her true country. What was about to happen to her? Of how many flights and falls would her new existence, unforeseen, capricious, be composed? She thought thus as she went to sleep in the great arm-chair of Desiree; but she thought also of her vengeance, her dear vengeance that she held in her hand, all ready, and so sure, so ferocious.

IV.

THE NEW CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF FROMONT.

It was broad daylight when Fromont Jeune awoke. All the night, between the drama which was being enacted below and the fete which was being celebrated above, he had slept with clenched fists in one of those slumbers of annihilation such as have criminals on the eve of execution, vanquished generals on the night of their defeat; slumber from which one wishes never to awake and in which death makes itself known in advance by the absence of all sensation.

The bright light which penetrated through the curtains, doubled by the accumulations of snow with which the garden and the surrounding roofs were covered, recalled him to the sense of the reality. He felt a shock in all his being, and even before thinking, that vague impression of sorrow which forgotten misfortunes leave in their place. All the well known noises of the manufactory, the panting and hollow respiration of the engines were in full activity. The world then still existed. And little by little the thought of responsibility awakened in him.

"'Tis for to-day," said he to himself with an involuntary movement towards the shadow of the alcove, as if he had had the desire to plunge anew into his long sleep.

The bell of the manufactory sounded, then other bells in the neighborhood, then the Angelus.

"Noon—already—how I have slept!"

He felt a little remorse and a great relief to think that the drama of the day of pay ment had passed without him. What had they done below? Why had he not been notified?

He arose, half opened the curtains and perceived Risler Aine and Sigismond talking together in the garden—they who had not spoken to each other for so long. What then had happened? When he was ready to descend, he found Claire at the door of his chamber.

"You must not go out," said she.

"Why?"

"Sit down. I will explain it to you."

"But how is it? Have they sent from the bank?"

"Yes, they have sent—the drafts are paid."

"Paid?"

"Risler found the money. He ran about with Planus from early morning. It seems that his wife had superb jewels. The necklace of diamonds alone was sold for twenty thousand francs. He also disposed of their house at Asnieres with all it contained; but as time was required to record the deed of sale, Planus and his sister advanced the sum."

She turned away from him whilst speaking. He, on his side, hung down his head to escape her look.

"Risler is an honest man," she continued "and when he discovered from whom his wife had obtained all her sumptuousness——"

"How," exclaimed George, frightened. "He knows——"

All responded Claire, lowering her voice.

The old apprentice grew pale, stammered out a few words.

"But you?"

"Oh! as for me, I knew all before Risler. Yesterday on returning, do you remember, I said to you that at Savigny I had heard some very cruel things and that I would have given ten years of my life not to have made that journey."

"Claire!"

He felt a great burst of tenderness, took a step to approach his wife; but she had a face so cold, so sadly resolved, her despair was so clearly written in austere indifference upon her entire person that he dared not clasp her to his heart as he had wished, and only murmured in a whisper:

"Pardon!—pardon!"

"You find me very calm," said the cour-

agenus wife; "'tis because I shed all my tears yesterday. Perhaps you think I wept over our ruin—you deceive yourself. Whilst one is young and strong as we are, such misfortunes are but pain mitted. We are armed against want, and we can fight it face to face." No. I wept over our destroyed happiness, over you, over the madness which has made you lose your sole, your true friend."

She was beautiful as she thus spoke, more beautiful than Sidonie had ever been, enveloped with a pure light which seemed to fall upon her from far above like the splendors of a profound and cloudless sky, whilst the irregular features of the other had always the air of drawing their brightness, their refractory and theatrical charm from the false lustres of the foot-lights of some third rate theatre. What there had been formerly of slight coldness and immobility in Claire's physiognomy was animated by inquietudes, by doubts, by all the tortures of passion; and like those ingots of gold which have their proper value only when the mint has put its stamp upon them, this beautiful female visage marked with the effigy of grief, had preserved since the preceding day an ineffaceable expression which completed its beauty.

George looked at her with admiration. She seemed to him more alive, more a woman, and adorable from all the separations and obstacles that he felt now to be between them. Remorse, despair, shame entered into his heart at the same time as this new love, and he wished to throw himself on his knees before her.

"No, no, rise up," said Claire; "if you knew what you recall to me, if you knew what lying face, full of hatred, I saw at my feet last night!"

"Oh! I am not lying," replied George, trembling. "Claire, I entreat you, in the name of our child——"

At that moment somebody knocked at the door:

"Rise up. You see that life calls for us," said she in a low tone with a bitter smile; then she inquired what was wanted of them.

M. Risler would like to see Monsieur, below, in the office.

"'Tis well," she answered; "say that he will descend."

George took a step to go out, but she stopped him:

"No; let me go there. He must not see you yet."

"But however——"

"Yes, I wish it. You do not know in what state of indignation and anger that unhappy man is whom you have deceived. If you had seen him, last night, grasping the wrists of his wife——"

She said this looking in his eyes, with a curiosity cruel for her; but George was not moved, and contented himself with saying:

"My life belongs to that man."

"It belongs to me also; and I do not wish that you should descend. There has been enough scandal in my father's house. Think that the entire manufactory knows what is going on. They watch us, they play the spy upon us. It required all the authority of the foremen to get the work in motion to-day, to keep all these curious eyes bent down upon their tasks."

"But I will have the air of hiding myself."

"And what of that! Men are all alike. They do not recoil before the greatest crimes: to deceive the wife, to deceive the friend; but the thought that they may be accused of having fear touches them more than all. Now, listen. Sidonie has gone away, she has gone away forever; and if you leave here, I will think that you have gone to rejoin her."

"Very well, I will remain," said George. "I will do whatever you desire."

Claire descended to Planus' office.

To see Risler Aine walking up and down, his hands behind his back, as tranquil as ordinarily, one would never have suspected what had transpired in his life since the preceding day. As to Sigismond, he shone, seeing only in all this his payments met at the appointed time and the honor of the firm safe and sound.

When Madame Fromont appeared, Risler smiled sadly and shook his head.

"I thought that you would descend in his stead; but it is not with you that I have business. It is absolutely necessary that I should see him, that I should speak with him. We have met this morning's payments; the worst is over; but we will have to lay plans for very many things."

"Risler, my friend, I beg of you, wait a little longer."

"Why, Madame Cherche? There is not a moment to lose. Oh! I suspect that you fear I will yield to a moment of anger! Reassure yourself—reassure him. You know what I have said to you: There is an honor which occupies me before my own, 'tis that of the house of Fromont. I have compromised it by my fault. It is imperative before everything that I should repair the evil that I have done or that I have allowed to be done."

"Your conduct with us is magnificent, my dear Risler, I know it well."

"Oh! Madame—you should have seen him; he is a saint!" said the poor Sigismond who, no longer daring to speak to his friend, wished at least to show him his remorse.

Claire continued:

"But have you no fear? Human strength has a limit. Perhaps in the presence of the man who has done you so great a wrong——"

Risler took her hands, gazed at her even to the depths of her eyes with a serious admiration:

"Dear creature, who only talks of the wrong he has done me! You do not then know that I hate him as much for his treason to you! But nothing of all that exists for me at this moment. There is here only a merchant who desires to have an understanding with his partner for the good of the house. Let him descend then without the least fear, and if you dread any outbreak on my part, remain here with us. I will only have to look at the daughter of my former master to recall to me my word and my duty."

"I believe you, my friend," said Claire, and she went up-stairs to seek her husband.

The first moment of the interview was terrible. George was pale, moved, humbled. He would have preferred a hundred times to find himself before the pistol of this man, at twenty paces, awaiting his fire, rather than appear before him like an unpunished culprit and be obliged to limit his sentiments to the calm freedom of a conversation of interest and affairs.

Risler affected not to look at him and continued to walk with long strides, whilst speaking:

"Our house is passing through a frightful crisis. We have escaped the catastrophe to-day; but this is not the last day of payment. That cursed invention has for a long while turned me away from business. Happily I am now free and can occupy myself with it. But it is necessary that you also should occupy yourself with it. The workmen, the employes have somewhat followed the example of their masters. There is negligence, extreme carelessness. This morning, for the first time in a year, work has commenced at the appointed hour. I count upon you to regulate all that. As to me, I shall again take up my designs. Our models have become old. We want new ones for the new machines. I have great confidence in our printing presses. The exposition has produced beyond my hopes. We have in them certainly the means to rebuild our trade. I did not tell you this sooner, because I wished to surprise you; but now we have no longer any surprise for each other. Is it not so, George?"

His voice had an expression of irony so cruel, that Claire trembled, fearing an outburst; but he went on very naturally:

"Yes, I believe it certain that in six months the Risler printing press will show unqualified success. Only these six months will be hard to tide over. It will be requisite to limit ourselves, cut down our expenses, practice all the economy we can. We have five employees, we will reduce the number to two. I will change myself, by drawing upon my nights, with making the absence of the others forgotten. Besides, at the close of this month, I will resume my position of partner. I will receive my salary as a foreman, as before, and nothing beyond."

Fromont Jeune wished to say a word, but with a gesture his wife restrained him, and Risler Aine continued:

"I am no longer your partner, George. Income again like that of 1874 I should never have ceased to be. From this day, our deed of association is annulled. I wish it, you understand me well, I wish it. We will remain thus together until the day when which the house shall be out of trouble and on which I shall be able—but what I will do at that moment concerns me only. What I have to say to you, George, is this: it is requisite that you should occupy yourself actively with the manufactory, that they may see you, that they may feel the master. Since I believed I had repaired all our misfortunes, there will yet be something reparable."

During the silence which followed, they heard a noise of wheels in the garden and two great furniture-removing wagons stopped before the steps.

"I ask your pardon," said Risler, "I must leave you for a moment. These are the wagons from the salesroom which have come for all that I have up-stairs."

"How! you will also sell your furniture?" demanded Madame Fromont.

"Certainly—even to the last piece. I will give it back to the house. It belongs to it."

"But 'tis impossible," said George. "I cannot suffer that."

Risler turned around with a movement of indignation:

"What do you say? What is it that you will not suffer?"

Claire stopped him with a suppliant gesture.

"'Tis true—'tis true," murmured he; and he went away very quickly to escape from this temptation which had come to him to let at last all his heart overflow.

The second day was passed. The domestics, dismissed and paid since morning, had abandoned the apartment in the disorder of the morrow of a fete; and it had just that particular aspect of places in which a drama is taking place and which remain as in suspense between the event accomplished and those which are about to be accomplished. The open doors, the carpets piled up in the corners, the waiters loaded with glasses, the preparations for the supper, the table still served and intact, the dust of the ball upon all the furniture, the mingled odors of punch, withered flowers, rice powder, all these details seized upon Risler as soon as he had entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WIDOW'S RUSE

BY A. R.

CHAPTER I.

"I say, Ralph, when do you mean to marry? It's time you were beginning to think seriously about the matter."

Ralph Denvil shrugged his shoulders. He was a tall, rather thin, gentlemanly-looking man of about three-and-forty, with hair already slightly grizzled. He was by no means bad-looking—nay, his face might almost have been termed handsome but for a certain stern, repellant expression that it wore. The features were good and regular, but there was a certain cold, hard look in the dark-gray eyes, there were certain crow's-feet about their corners, certain harsh lines about the thin-lipped mouth, which detracted considerably from his claims to beauty. The most inexperienced eye, the most casual glance, would have at once perceived that he was proud and haughty, unsympathetic and cold. A more experienced physiognomist would have said that he was ambitious and fond of power, reserved and self-contained, and, withal, sensitive with that morbidly delicate sensitiveness so often found in proud and reserved natures.

Why he had never married was a subject which his acquaintances had frequently discussed. The world—that world whose wisdom ten revolved round a wife and family could not understand Ralph Denvil's preference for the cheerless loneliness of a bachelor's life. Why, they wearied themselves with asking, did he not marry? It was not for want of means, for he was a wealthy man. His dingy offices in Gray's Inn witnessed the transaction of a vast amount of quiet law work; mysterious parchments dealing with thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds were therein prepared. His unassuming, but handsomely furnished in most sumptuous and luxurious style—and yet he was content to leave it under the superintendence of an old housekeeper. It could not be for want of opportunities. Many a blooming maiden would have jumped at so eligible a match, many a harassed father of a too exuberant family would have been glad to get rid of his daughters and his blessing with readiness, many a mother of marriageable girls would have gloried in him for a son-in-law. Yet he still remained at forty-five years of age, in single blessedness. Why was this?

He had never been too busy. His attention had been too fully occupied with the one grand aim of his life—that of amassing wealth—to allow any time for romance and sentiment. He did not indeed forswear marriage; he had always intended to marry at some time, but as yet he had ever put it off. He had resolved that when he married he would marry well—that this step, like every other step he had taken in life, should forward his great life-aim. And thus, whenever the marriage question had presented itself to his thoughts, he had always put it off till a little later, when he should be in a position to look for a better match; and ever as the time slipped by, and he found his prosperity increasing, he had still postponed the matter to some yet more favorable time in the future. And thus the years had passed unheeded, had drawn stern, harsh lines upon his face, had grizzled his hair, and had hardened his heart, till at forty-three he was still unmarried.

Yet one memory there was he could not so easily cast aside—one tender spot there was even in his callous and worldly heart. As a boy he had loved, truly loved, loved with all the strength of passion of which he was capable. But the object of his love was poor and he was ambitious. His prudence had conquered his passion, and he had sacrificed his love for his desire for wealth. The penniless governess of gentle Edith Grey still clave to him, and even now, hard and worldly, cold and cynical, as he had grown, had power to soften his heart.

Of all the younger members of his father's family he had almost lost sight, with one exception—that of his favorite sister, who had married well in London, and whose house was almost the only one at which he visited. This sister was in character a perfect contrast to himself, one of those cheerful, happy-tempered women whose presence is a perpetual sunshine, who are never thoroughly at ease unless every one about them is as happy as themselves. She pitied her brother's lonely and cheerless life, and, though she might be considered as acting against her own interest and that of her family, she was always counselling him to marry. It was she who asked the question: "I say, Ralph, when do you mean to marry?"

Ralph shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, some of these days, no doubt! There's no particular hurry, Wig."

"I don't know about that, though," said his sister. "I can tell you, you are not getting younger. Why, I declare, you are being quite gray!"

"Fish! Forty old is not so old, Harriet. I've ten years before me yet if I like." But he spoke sharply, as though the subject were not agreeable.

"Ten years indeed!" cried his sister. "You will be an old man then. Forty odd is forty-three, and ten makes fifty-three. If what I have to say to you, George, is this: it is requisite that you should occupy yourself actively with the manufactory, that they may see you, that they may feel the master. Since I believed I had repaired all our misfortunes, there will yet be something reparable."

During the silence which followed, they heard a noise of wheels in the garden and two great furniture-removing wagons stopped before the steps.

"I ask your pardon," said Risler, "I must leave you for a moment. These are the wagons from the salesroom which have come for all that I have up-stairs."

"How! you will also sell your furniture?" demanded Madame Fromont.

"Certainly—even to the last piece. I will give it back to the house. It belongs to it."

"But 'tis impossible," said George. "I cannot suffer that."

Risler turned around with a movement of indignation:

"What do you say? What is it that you will not suffer?"

Claire stopped him with a suppliant gesture.

"'Tis true—'tis true," murmured he; and he went away very quickly to escape from this temptation which had come to him to let at last all his heart overflow.

The second day was passed. The domestics, dismissed and paid since morning, had abandoned the apartment in the disorder of the morrow of a fete; and it had just that particular aspect of places in which a drama is taking place and which remain as in suspense between the event accomplished and those which are about to be accomplished. The open doors, the carpets piled up in the corners, the waiters loaded with glasses, the preparations for the supper, the table still served and intact, the dust of the ball upon all the furniture, the mingled odors of punch, withered flowers, rice powder, all these details seized upon Risler as soon as he had entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WIDOW'S RUSE

BY A. R.

CHAPTER I.

"I say, Ralph, when do you mean to marry? It's time you were beginning to think seriously about the matter."

Ralph Denvil shrugged his shoulders. He was a tall, rather thin, gentlemanly-looking man of about three-and-forty, with hair already slightly grizzled. He was by no means bad-looking—nay, his face might almost have been termed handsome but for a certain stern, repellant expression that it wore. The features were good and regular, but there was a certain cold, hard look in the dark-gray eyes, there were certain crow's-feet about their corners, certain harsh lines about the thin-lipped mouth, which detracted considerably from his claims to beauty. The most inexperienced eye, the most casual glance, would have at once perceived that he was proud and haughty, unsympathetic and cold. A more experienced physiognomist would have said that he was ambitious and fond of power, reserved and self-contained, and, withal, sensitive with that morbidly delicate sensitiveness so often found in proud and reserved natures.

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"I don't know about that, though," said his sister. "I can tell you, you are not getting younger. Why, I declare, you are being quite gray!"

"Fish! Forty old is not so old, Harriet. I've ten years before me yet if I like." But he spoke sharply, as though the subject were not agreeable.

"Ten years indeed!" cried his sister. "You will be an old man then. Forty odd is forty-three, and ten makes fifty-three. If what I have to say to you, George, is this: if you'll better give it up, I fancy. I suppose you don't wish to drift into confirmed old-bachelorhood?"

"Well, I believe you're right, Harriet," said Ralph, after a pause. "But I must get you to help me. Whom do you advise?"

"Who? Why—oh, there are lots of nice girls to be met with. She's one of them—she in fact would fairly jump at you if you showed a disposition to be caught!"

"Ah, yes," responded the brother with a sneer—"penniless little dear, would be very happy to secure such an eligible settlement in life! Thank you, I'd rather be excused."

"Nothing of the sort, Ralph. Don't be so suspicious and ill-natured. I know lots of dear, true-hearted girls who would be glad to marry you for yourself alone—who are far too sincere and honorable to give the lie and shame the heart. There's Laura Vane now——"

"Not a sixpence to bless herself with, save what her uncle allows her!" interjected the brother, parenthetically.

"But she'd be a fortune in herself, for all that!" returned the sister, warmly. "Or, there's Caroline Ritson——"

"Five hundred and fifty a year when her mother dies!" interjected Ralph Denvil again.

"Ralph," exclaimed his sister, in despair, "could you estimate a woman by her own worth, without always dragging in her fortune? What if they are comparatively poor? They have true loving hearts; and surely you have means enough yourself. Those girls would make any husband happy."

"I don't in the least doubt it, my dear Harriet," responded Ralph, still sneering. "I don't doubt that they are perfect paragons. But then, you see, a fellow with a professional career to carve out for himself can't afford to be romantic. He can't afford to marry a penniless girl, even though she be a perfect paragon. If he has any ambition, he must—he absolutely must—marry a fortune, even though the accompanying bride be a fright."

"Stuff and nonsense, Ralph! How can you talk so? It's not as if you were a young man with your way to make before you. I'm sure you're rich enough in all conscience. I can't think what you want with more money. I'm certain you'd find a good wife worth more to you than untold gold."

"Very true, Harriet," replied Ralph—"very admirable remarks, I'm sure, but a trifle behind the age. In the present state of society a man can't be too rich; and he who is content with what is euphemistically termed 'a moderate competence,' when he has a chance of making more, is generally looked upon as a fool."

"Well, bless my life, then, if you must marry a fortune, why don't you secure the rich widow—Mrs. Vesey?"

"Oh, indeed, my dear," looked sharply. "Mrs. Vesey?" he repeated, slowly and musingly. "By Jove, I might do worse! But, I say Harriet, who is this Mrs. Vesey?"

"Why, you don't know exactly; but she's certainly immensely rich. She scatters her money like dust."

Ralph Denvil shortly took his leave, and returned home more thoughtful than was his wont.

CHAPTER II.

"Who is this Mrs. Vesey?"

It was a question which others had asked besides Ralph Denvil, and none had been able to give a much more definite reply than that of Ralph Denvil's sister—

"I don't know exactly; but she's certainly immensely rich."

She had made her appearance in town at the commencement of the season, and had immediately created a considerable sensation by her beauty and her extravagance. She was a young, petite, delicate-looking and fair-haired, of some thirty years of age, with a face almost childlike in its expression of sweet, guileless innocence. No one could look upon it without possessing the least force of character. She seemed to be too artless and innocent a creature to be aught but a drawing-room ornament. Her dominance of her own sex noted her at once, and while those of the other sex called her a pretty little thing, much in the same tone they would use in speaking of a pet dog. they soon made him the slave of her caprices and his blessing with readiness, many a mother of marriageable girls would have gloried in him for a son-in-law. Yet he still remained at forty-five years of age, in single blessedness. Why was this?

Wherever the money might come from, she was evidently in no want of funds. She lived in a style which excited the envy of the grandest peeress in the land. Her Mayfair mansion was furnished in the costliest manner; her servants were numerous and of faultless training; her entertainments were of the most sumptuous and recherche description; nor could the most censorious of those who came to criticise and find fault detect the slightest flaw in them. She had a pair of the finest high-stepping "bloods" for her brougham, and drove a pair of the prettiest ponies to be seen in the Park Whoever she might be, she undoubtedly possessed the power of the purse, and her progress in society was correspondingly rapid.

Ralph Denvil left his sister's home with mind deeply preoccupied. Ever on the watch as he was for an eligible match, his attention had, strangely enough, never been turned to Mrs. Vesey; and yet she was exactly the sort of person that he sought. Young, handsome, and enormously rich, she embodied all the attractions he could desire in a wife; and, moreover, her disposition, so gentle and yielding, was just the sort that he would be able to mould as he might wish. Yes, decidedly the little widow was the most eligible matrimonial investment he could hope to meet with, and he resolved to lose no time in endeavoring to secure her.

His first step was to obtain an introduction. This was easily done, for the rich and handsome bachelor was welcome anywhere, and she circles in which he and the widow moved. Most of the matrons had marriageable daughters on hand, any one of whom they would have been only too happy to give to Ralph Denvil, could he but have been induced to ask for. However poor his night once have been, yet he certainly belonged to an honorable profession; and subject to his being solvent, a solicitor in the old man might have been, had never soiled their hands with trade. Above all, he was rich, prosperous, successful.

It was not long before Ralph Denvil met the little widow at the house of a mutual friend, and obtained the wished-for introduction. And now he began to go into society somewhat more freely. Hitherto he had been a solitary, unsociable man, apt to sneer at the frivolities of fashionable life, and inclined to prefer the ease and luxury of his own rooms to the glare of the fashionable, and to mingle more in the gay world; and people began to rejoice that the austerity of his life was relaxing, and that he was becoming more human and like themselves. At most of these assemblages he was sure to meet the little widow.

The widow herself was by no means indifferent to the attentions which Ralph Denvil paid her. She possessed in an eminent degree the admirable art of rapidly placing the merest acquaintanceship on a confidential and intimate footing; and this art she actively brought to bear upon Vesey. Whenever he entered any room in which she was present, her ingenuous, expressive countenance would involuntarily light up with sudden pleasure, and as he made his way to her side, she would greet him with her sweetest smile, and address him in her most winning accents.

"Oh, my dear, you have come, Mr. Denvil!" she would exclaim impulsively. "I was afraid you didn't mean to come at all—and then just think how miserable I should have been!"

And then she would suddenly stop, as if conscious she had gone too far, and would look as innocently confused as a child who had blundered into an indiscretion. When the conversation turned upon any subject more profound than usual—upon politics, or science, or such matters—she would always turn to Ralph Denvil for some explanation of the subject, and would listen with such admiring attention while he explained it, and would show such a thorough appreciation of his information, that he could not but feel highly gratified and flattered. And thus, within a very few weeks after their first introduction, a confidential intimacy had ripened between them such as is rarely found but after years of acquaintance and friendship.

Ralph Denvil could not be unaware of the widow's favorable feelings toward him; he could not but be aware that he had but to ask her hand and to obtain it; and yet he paused and hesitated and postponed any definite proposal. In truth, he was not quite sure that the step would be a "prudent" one. Apparently it was true that the widow was immensely wealthy; evidently she was living in a style which only a large fortune could sustain. But where did the money come from? What was the amount of the fortune? How was it disposed? These were the questions which troubled Ralph Denvil's thoughts by day and drove sleep from his eyes at night. How to obtain reliable information on these points he did not know; none of the widow's friends whom he judiciously "pumped" could give any satisfactory answer. She was immensely rich—there could be no mistake about that—but as to the exact figure, and the manner in which it was settled, well, they really did not know.

One day, as he sat at his desk in his inner office, glancing over a testimony relating to hundreds of thousands of pounds, but with thoughts busily preoccupied with Mrs. Vesey and her fortune, he was not a little surprised to see the lady herself, leaning on her self, requesting him to call upon her on that very afternoon in his professional capacity, as she had certain legal business to transact. Without a moment's delay to the wind, and trusting to chance to bring to light what he so much wished to know, at the appointed time he hastened to obey the summons. He found the widow reclining upon a sofa, looking somewhat paler and more languid than usual; but she greeted him with her usual sweetness, and directed him to a chair close to her own.

"You'll be surprised, I'm sure, Mr. Denvil," she said, with a faint smile. "Very strange, isn't it, that I should ask you to favor me with a call at this hour?"

"Oh, not at all, my dear Mrs. Vesey, not at all! You know we professional men are permitted to dispense with the etiquette of society in the discharge of our duty."

"Are you, though? Only think what dreadful men you must be to dispense with the etiquette of society! But what do you think I want to see you for? Just guess now."

"Nay, madam," responded the lawyer with a shrug, "I never was a good guesser of riddles. Perhaps you wish to consult me as to an investment, or a lawsuit, or the validity of a title-deed—in short, I don't know what."

"To make my will!"

Ralph Denvil started. To make her will! A better chance of gaining that information as to her affairs which he so much coveted could not be conceived. In order to draw up the will it would, of course, be necessary for her to lay before him a complete statement of her possessions—that was all he wanted to know.

"You appear surprised," she continued, "that I should think of such a thing; but then, you know, life is so uncertain—we none of us know what may happen. And, if one's affairs are not in some sort of order, there's such a terrible deal of bother afterwards—more especially, you know, if one has no immediate heirs."

"Certainly, my dear madam," responded Ralph Denvil, approvingly — "certainly. You are quite right. Your remarks are most sensible. The course you propose is an eminently wise and prudent one."

Thereupon he proceeded to take her instruction for the disposal of her property. The total amount of it, he learned, was upwards of sixty thousand pounds, and was invested in sundry snug and secure investments. The bulk of the amount, after several small legacies and annuities, was bequeathed to the family of some distant connection, some second or third cousin, who, it appeared, was her nearest relative.

"Not that I know anything of them, you know, Mr. Denvil," she said—"indeed I've never seen any of them in my life—but one must leave one's money to some one, and they are the only relatives I have."

Ralph Denvil would have been surprised at the ease with which the artless little woman grasped all the complicated bearings of the subject, at the familiarity with which she spoke of bonds and funds and securities, and at the thorough business knowledge and capacity she exhibited in the whole affair—he would have been surprised at all this but that his thoughts were otherwise engaged.

Sixty thousand pounds! That was undeniably a prize worth securing. Sixty thousand pounds, all in her own right, and hers absolutely, placed! He mastered to delay no longer. He determined to take the first opportunity of proposing for her hand, convinced that he had but to ask and he should be accepted. Fifteen hundred pounds actually going a-begging—and he was not the man to let them pass his door unheeded.

The opportunity occurred the next evening. They met at a conversazione at the house of one of their acquaintances, and, having wandered away from the crowd of fashionable idlers out into the conservatory, there, beneath the pale light of the full summer moon, Ralph Denvil, in calm, well-chosen words, as became his age and dignity, declared his love and was accepted.

Ere the season was over, St. George's, Hanover Square, witnessed a grand wedding, and the *Times* of the next day contained the announcement of the union of "Ralph Denvil, Esq., of Gray's Inn and Blenkinsopbury, eldest son of the late Rev. Ralph Denvil, Wesleyan Minister, to Eleanor, relict of William Vesey, late of Manchester."

CHAPTER IV.

Ralph Denvil and his wife spent a very happy honeymoon in the South of France and in Italy, and at the end of the month returned to London. He had taken a large house in Belgrave Square, and had resolved to dispose of his legal connection and retire from business. Wishing,

IRISH SONG

When first I saw young Molly
Shintrolled beneath the trolly,
Fast asleep, intwined her sweep, was dreamy
summer's day.
Wid daisies laughin' round her,
Hazel and ivy band and beyond her,
Thim kissed her on her bloomin' cheek, and
coolly stole away.

But so, wid blushes burnin',
Tipsie I was turnin',
From sleep she startled and on me dare a
dreadful lightnin' ray.
My foolish bravery loiters
accountably she scolders,
And like a winter sunbeam she coldly sweeps
away.

But Love, young Love, comes stoopin',
O'er my daisies droopin',
And oh! each flower, wid fairy power, the
rosy Boy renews;
Then twines each charmin' cluster
In locks of starry lustre,
And wid the chain enchanting, my colleen
proud pursues.

And soon I met young Molly,
Again' imbarkedly,
Wid downcast eyes and startin' sighs, along
the margin how bank;
And oh! her sweetin' bosom
Was wreathed with daisy blossom,
Like stars in summer heaven, as in my arms
she sank.

RACHEL BROWN'S MEMORIAL.

A Story of Marriage and Divorce.

BY R. R. ENGLE.

(This story was commenced in No. 36, Vol. 22. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MILLWRIGHT.

I suppose Nature has no right to complain of being disfigured if her disfiguration lends to our good; but I have often felt like protesting in her name against the ruthless hand that slashed and chopped where it was not needed.

There are some men who seem to have been born to destroy; whose very souls seem to be so gnarled and crooked that beauty and symmetry is to them superfluity and irregularity.

Such a man was Gideon Carson. He admired Cedar Cliff, but he had no conception of its real grandeur. The fine old trees that waved so majestically struck him as occupying ground that might be put to better use, and besides they would make good lumber.

On the other hand the oftener Mr. Allaston saw Cedar Cliff the more he was impressed with its magnificence; he was convinced more and more that it was a rare work of nature, and what must be the mind of the woman, who, in the depth of sorrow, would choose a home in this strangely appointed place.

Mr. Allaston was charitable. He did not recall Carson's words concerning the money to be made out of Cedar Cliff as he thought of Amelia's choice. He reckoned her mind to be endowed with a rich poetic sentiment harmonizing with her melancholy spirit. He pitied her—he envied her!

As soon as the weather was suitable Cedar Cliff swarmed with workmen, and Carson, without seeming to do so assumed command. The finest trees that stood about the premises were cut by his order and all cut out of them.

Mr. Allaston ventured to protest against cutting some of the finest, but Gideon answered him with such a smile that he held his peace.

"Of course, you know, Mr. Allaston, these trees are very fine, but they suit our purpose and they would be in the way anyhow," were Carson's words, but the smile said a great deal more.

Did you ever notice how one powerful will can be made to govern even a stronger one? I cannot explain how it is, but it is nevertheless true, and Mr. Allaston somehow swung beneath the iron will of Gideon Carson so easily that he knew it not himself. At one time he had set his head upon saving a towering oak from Carson's relentless axe and he ventured to say:

"This tree will not be in the way, it is in a very desirable place, and I think it is the finest tree I ever saw; you will surely not cut it, Mr. Carson?"

But Carson answered simply, with that terrible "certainly!" which within fifteen minutes that King of Cedar Cliff lay sprawling upon the ground among its bruised and broken branches!

There was a sore spot in Mr. Allaston's heart for many days whenever he recalled this incident, but strange to say he did not distrust the man who had conquered him.

Days flew on and under the hands of skillful workmen, the building rapidly approached completion.

Mr. Allaston, as he saw the nicety of the plan as it developed, and as the building approached completion, the architect's suggestion to make it in accordance with the surrounding plan having been followed, found the effect was pleasing.

Ah! it looked grand as it towered its Gothic head up among the gnarled cedars that clung to the rocky cliff, and Mr. Allaston was recompensed by the sight for the loss of his magnificent trees.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SORE TEMPTATION.

Old Jason Silvers and his wife had gone from Cedar Cliff to a little cabin somewhere on one of his farms, and the Carsons lived at Cedar Cliff. Every day Mr. Allaston drove from the Nest in his buggy to the new building at the falls, and almost every day he was accompanied by some member of his family. Abby formed a growing attachment for the sad-eyed Amelia and in her turn Amelia loved the young girl, and they were likely to do each other good. Every day seemed to put new light into Amelia's eyes, but it never extended to her cheeks.

One day as usual Mr. Allaston drove up to Cedar Cliff, and at the same time a messenger arrived from Mr. Bostwick to bring the intelligence that Freddy was near to the door of Death!

"Freddy!" said Amelia, in a hollow voice, "I have never heard that he was sick."

"Only a few days," said the messenger, "they didn't think there was any danger or they would have sent for you sooner."

Amelia did not answer. She forgot in her anxiety for her boy that she had no further claim upon him or his father, and the first thought, "He does not care for me as he ought or he would not let my child die before sending me word!" Had she taken a moment to think before she told her heart this, she would have laughed at the idea; but she was a mother and mothers do not think under such circumstances—they live and experience, that is all.

In a few moments Amelia was habited ready to go and Mr. Allaston, his face full of sympathy for the woman, said:

"Allow me to drive you over to Mr. Bostwick's; it will be easier than riding the same horse behind Mr. Eller."

"You are very kind," said she. "I would much rather go in the buggy. I am not used on horseback and especially riding behind another person."

Mr. Allaston explained to Mr. Eller, and the latter mounted his horse and rode on toward home.

Allaston's noble bays were in fine spirits, and they dashed along through the morning's air which fanned Amelia's cheeks and almost brought a tinge of pink into them.

There were few words spoken between them, and as Amelia had her veil thrown back over her hat, Mr. Allaston had every opportunity to study her features. He held in his heart a very warm sympathy for the sad and beautiful woman beside him. He craved the power to lighten her burden—but how could he?

They had driven perhaps a mile and the horses were just warm enough to be almost wild; and as theyreached a fork in the road a flock of sheep became frightened their approach and seemed to spring out of the ground and run pellmell down the road.

Mr. Allaston's horses were frightened: they threw themselves back in the harness for a moment, looked this way and that to find some way of escape, then dashed madly down the narrow lane that led off from that point.

Amelia screamed and clung to Mr. Allaston. He had the presence of mind to speak in a low tone trying to assure her that there was no danger—began saving with a firm hand at the reins to stop the flying team.

"Oh, save me, Mr. Allaston; for God's sake stop them!" cried Amelia.

"I am afraid your screaming will scare them worse, child, please be as still as possible," said Mr. Allaston. "Whoa, Charley—ho—boy! it's nothing boy—ho—o—o, fellow," sawing away at the bits.

But all was in vain. Amelia screamed louder and the maddened brutes scarcely touched the ground. The buggy pitched first to one side and then to the other, threatening destruction every moment. It was indeed a terrible ride! Even Mr. Allaston lost his presence of mind as the road at last ran into a thick wood and the horses turned out into the brush, but in another instant Mr. Allaston and Amelia were both thrown out and the buggy dashed to pieces against a large tree!

Amelia lay insensible, maybe dead; and Mr. Allaston, himself bruised and aching at every joint, crawled from where he had fallen and raised the fainting woman in his arms. The long, dark lashes had drooped and lay on her white cheeks, the pale lips were parted displaying the beautiful teeth, but a breath seemed to pass in or out of the lungs.

It was a strange adventure for Mr. Allaston to be thrown into—no house near and he with an almost, if not quite lifeless woman to protect, and himself not able to rise to his feet.

He thought of the strangeness of the adventure, but he had other work to do: he must see if she be dead. He felt for her pulse—his own hand was feeble and he could not discover the slightest throbbing! He pressed his ear to her heart and listened—yes, she was still alive, he could hear her heart beating—she had only fainted. And Conrad Allaston the husband of Mary, the noble-minded man, a man who had thus far lived beyond reproach, who loved his wife better than any other woman on earth. How shall I tell it?—when he knew that the beautiful woman held in his arms was alive he pressed her to his breast and passionately kissed her lips again and again!

Those kisses must have burned like fire! for the pale cheeks flushed and the white eyelids quivered and slowly opened. Amelia looked up into his face with a look of unutterable love, then dropped her head upon his bosom and wept!

He did not know what he was doing or he would not have kissed that woman for the world! I do not think the feeling he had for her was love, but it was something akin. He pitied her and he admired her. Then when he was alone with the unconscious woman in his arms why not kiss her—else would never know it and no one else need.

But no! he thought none of these things—he thought nothing, he merely acted. But she knew he had kissed her and she thought he loved her, and she was now weeping on his bosom!

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH.

Amelia stood at the bedside of her dying boy. Her eyes had a far-off look in them and her lips trembled with a weight of sorrow.

Freddie was holding her hand in both his and looking into her face with his great earnest eyes. His breath came by quick, painful gasps and the sweat stood in drops on his smooth white forehead.

By the side of the bed, with his face buried in his hands sat Caleb. He made no move but now and then a sob escaped him.

The doctor had just gone; he had told them that Freddie must die soon and the parents had asked to be left alone with the dying boy, and they were obeyed.

"Papa," said the child, speaking as best he could for his breathing had thrown the gasps.

"What is it, darling?" said the father.

"You won't let them take mamma away, will you?"

"No, indeed, mamma will stay with her boy," said Amelia, a sob almost choking her. "Mamma won't leave Freddie for anything," said Caleb, and the mother with her soft hand wiped the sweat-drops from the child's brow. "Will you stay always?" asked Freddie, looking into his mother's face.

"Yes, *always*!" Amelia swallowed another sob as Caleb caught her hand; he looked into her eyes, trying to find words to speak, but as if seeing the lie there he let it go, and the hand dropped again into her lap. Amelia smiled; but the storm drove them apart again.

"I had such a bad dream," said Freddie.

"Did you? I'm sorry. Naughty dreams mustn't trouble you," said the mother.

"I dreamed my sweet mamma was singing to me and I was leaning on her breast, but some men come and took her away. I am glad it was a dream, and the child smiled, but Caleb thought.

"Alas! it is sad reality."

And Amelia's heart smote her, but she swallowed the great sob that rushed up into her throat.

"Am I going to die?" asked Freddy.

"I hope not," said Amelia; but Caleb sneered:

"Yes, Freddy, the doctor says you will die, but dying is only going to Heaven, you know."

"But I would rather stay with you and mamma; I'm afraid the bad men will get her."

"I would to God you could stay, my child, but your mamma and I will be coming soon and you can have our home ready for us;" but the mother was sobbing on Freddy's pillow as if her heart were broken, and she clasped Caleb's hand and pressed it to her aching heart.

Almost together again!

I never could stand beside the bed and see a little child die. And when I hear of the death of one I always think that like our Saviour, they have died on account of some one else's sin. But there is no atonement in the death of a child. I often look at my own children and wonder whether any sin of mine will demand the life of the buds that promise to be such sweet flowers. Only a week ago I stood by the bedside of an old man who was dying; but he had lived his three-score and ten years, his natural time to die had come, and when his life went out I felt the will of the Lord was done.

Little Freddie Bostwick died; and the mother stood by trembling while the father closed the dead baby's eyes. Could it be she felt that the baby died for a sin of hers?

Over the dead body of their child, the father and mother joined hands and with tears in their eyes promised each other to do as the child had begged them to do. But that hand-shaking? Did not each look back in after life with feelings of horror as they thought of it?

The funeral was a strange one. In the absence of a minister, a neighbor stood at the head of the little coffin and read a chapter out of the Bible; then with quivering lips he prayed a simple, awkwardly-worded prayer, and then every heart too heavy to weep wended their way to the little grave that had been dug underneath an apple tree, which had been one of Freddie's playing places.

And after that Caleb and Amelia parted with a silent clasp of hands—parted forever! And the sun went down slowly and sadly, as it always does, and left some hearts in its shadow as it always does and always will, till it goes down forever.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CLOUD GATHERING.

Death does not often stop the progress of a building, and the new mill at Cedar Cliff was almost ready for the machinery. Mr. Carson was perfectly willing that Mr. Allaston should make the purchase of the requisites, and in fact insisted that he should do so. Although Mr. Carson was a man of function in the neighborhood at that time and was fast ascending in the scale of public opinion there was still some things that he willingly admitted that Allaston could do to better advantage than himself and among these things was the purchasing of the mill fixtures.

Everybody noticed a change in Mr. Allaston. Since the day of the runaway he had not appeared to be the same man. He appeared either to be sick or harassed with life's blues.

The loss that he met was comparatively small—his buggy was demolished, the harness broken and the horses slightly bruised, but fifty dollars would put all to rights again, and what was fifty dollars to a man like Allaston? He must be sick, or else "something was in the wind."

Thus reasoned the neighbors.

"Father, what makes you look so glum? You look like you'd been eatin' vinegar," said Lily, one evening as she climbed upon her father's knee.

"I'm tired, dear," said Mr. Allaston, with an absent look.

"I am afraid you work too hard, papa," said Abby. "I wouldn't work so. You will not live to enjoy your mill when you get it done, if you don't be careful."

"Father does a sight more'n e'er a man in the business," said Lily.

"How do you know? You never saw him at work," said Ned, who was always finding fault with Lily.

"I have; you mind your own odds; nobody was talkin' to you anyhow!" retorted Lily.

"Lily, my child, I wish you would not be so rude," said the mother from her corner.

"Well, I wish Ned would keep hisself to hisself, then; he's always crossing me."

"Lily, you are inclined to be quarrelsome to-night," and Mr. Allaston pressed the child's head to his bosom. "Come, go to sleep on my knee and maybe it will make us both feel better."

Lily closed her eyes and her father silently rocked to and fro till the child's loud breathing told them that she had indeed gone to sleep.

But did it make the father feel better? If we are to judge from the hard lines that gathered around his eyes and mouth I think it doubtful.

What could the man be thinking of? What was it that was weighing him down? Was there something terrible that seemed only a little distant in the future and which overshadowed him like a dark cloud? We will see further on.

"My dear, what is it that troubles you?" asked Mrs. Allaston that night when they were alone.

"O, it is nothing much. I need a great deal more money, and I am feeling badly because I will have to put another mortgage on the place to get it," said he.

"Well, well, if that is all cheer up, even if we have to sell here you have a fortune in Cedar Cliff mill," said the wife; and Mr. Allaston answered with a sigh. He may have been repenting of the unholy kiss that he printed upon the divorced woman's lips. Or he may have foreboded evil to his family on account of that crime. And yet he may have had some treacherous plot laid with Amelia to destroy his happy family; but all this is speculation. No one knows what he was thinking about, and perhaps we never will know any more than what we may judge from the denouement.

But whatever it was, it left him awake till midnight, and wring awful groans out of him in his sleep afterward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME LIFE.

Man, as his culture progresses, forms continually a higher and yet higher notion of home-life and parental duty. A comparison of the home-life of England with that of the Australian Savage will show a corresponding development. Search out the root of that development, that which constitutes its character, and you will find that it is self-control, self denial, self-sacrifice. That home is the highest in which love reigns most perfectly; and the love which blesses home is the love which "seeketh not her own," but is ever on the watch, at the cost of self, to minister to the husband's, the wife's, the brother's, the sister's, the children's good.

THOROUGHLY HEALTHY.—Of all the know-nothing persons in this world commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce—one who has lost the greatest lesson in life—one who has skipped the finest lesson in that great school of humanity, the sick chamber.

HABITS.—Be frugal, not mean; patient, not subtle; complaisant, not servile; active in business, but not its slave. There are also four other habits which are essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal concerns. These are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch.

THE LITTLE LACE-MAKER.

Bobinette put her cushion away, and sat down to weep; for no one knew how long it would be before she should have any work again, and there was a prospect of hunger and cold before her.

"Why do you weep, Bobinette?" said old grandmamma, scolding from her corner. "You've got a chance to be idle, now, and that's what you've always wanted. You never seemed to care much whether we starved or not."

Bobinette bit her lip: but not a word of reply did she make, for fear that in the bitterness of her heart she might say something cross and unkind; and she would not have done so for worlds, to poor granny, who had lived through so many, many years of trouble, that she had grown a half-dazed and hardly knew what she was saying; but she was so fretful and unreasonable sometimes that Bobinette found it hard to keep her temper, and be patient and gentle with her.

"You'd better go and chase butterflies," pursued grandmamma. "They're out this morning, plenty of them; and that's what you like to do, you know, when there isn't a fair to be flitting away to, or a dance on the green where you can go to flirt with the village lads, with your hair all tied up with gay ribbons."

Poor Bobinette! she was a light-hearted, light-footed little maid, and did indeed love holidays, and dancing, and mirth, and music, and sunshine. Once she would have thought it a sad world if one sometimes could not be idle in it, with one's hair in blue ribbons. The working days tripped on with so much lighter and fleeter step if they tripped toward a holiday, and there were more roses in her dreams when she looked forward to them than she wove with her pretty fingers into the dainty lace which she bent over from morning until night. But now she thought that she could be perfectly happy, and that she never would ask for anything more, if she could only have work enough to do, and could always be sure of having a loaf in the cupboard for granny and herself.

A few nights before, half the town had been burned, the shops of the lace merchants among the rest, and it would probably be years before they would build and open their business again, if they ever did, they had lost so much. Bobinette didn't know there were any other lace merchants in the country; and if there were, she couldn't leave granny to go and search them out, and all she could do in the world was to make Lou. What else should she do? She could not spin, and she could not sew; or, at least, she could not sew nicely at all, because she had never been accustomed to using her needle.

She was beginning to think that she was not good for much of anything, and wondered that she used to feel so grand when they called her the smartest little lace-maker in the town. None could use the bobbin with such fleet or skillful and delicate fingers. To look at her laces, you would have thought that she had said from the first fairies in their wearing. But what did that avail her now? She ought to have learned to do more than one thing well, and then she never would have been in this strait. To be sure, she might do well enough as saleswoman in a shop, though she was so wee that her head would scarcely o'ertop the counter, and nobody would believe that she was old enough to act in that capacity, on this account. Bobinette could not imagine why she had to be so tiny, with the rest of her misfortunes. If she went to apply for a situation as lady's-maid even, everybody would laugh at her, and say they did not employ children, only grown up young women; and everybody called her the *little* lace-maker, as if she were not sixteen years old, and quite a woman. Poor Bobinette! poor, indeed, though she was as pretty as a wax doll, and had more sweethearts than she could count.

The tall marigolds in her bit of a garden were holding their yellow satin parasols over the pansies, to shade them from the hot sunshine, and a little bird had flitted away from his home in the field to sing in the rose-bushes. The little place had never seemed so bright and cheery before, Bobinette thought; and, in all probability, she must leave it very soon, because she could not pay the rent. The thought made her almost insane, as she sat there, in the low doorway, with her head hidden in her hands.

"Oh, good afternoon, Bobinette!" spoke a shrill, piping voice at her side, startling all at once the poor little lace-maker.

Bobinette lifted her head, and saw a funny little fat man looking down upon her.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur Lubin," said she, confusedly, her face flushing painfully. "I am so sorry, but I cannot pay you the rent this week! but if you will only wait a while, I certainly must find something to do which will enable me to pay you. Won't you come in, monsieur?"

Monsieur bowed, and followed her into the shady little room. Granny arose from her arm-chair, in which she had been half asleep, and made a profound curtsey. Monsieur smiled blandly, and was very anxious concerning the health of his tenants.

Bobinette tapped the floor with her impatient little foot, and looked out at the marigolds and the sunshine. Monsieur had something weighty on his mind, it was quite evident. He fidgeted in his chair, looked very hard at Bobinette, and "ahem-d" until she was sure that his throat must be quite sore.

"Oh, dear! I hope that he isn't going to turn us out of doors," said she to her self; "but I am afraid that he is, he acts so queer. I've always heard he was a hard, cruel man, though he seems smoother than oil, and sweeter than honey, as granny says.

But he did not leave her in the dark long. After a little embarrassing silence, he turned suddenly to granny, and spoke to the point.

"Madame," said he, "will you give your granddaughter to me? I am lonely and want a wife."

Then, before poor bewildered granny had time to reply, he arose, and approaching Bobinette, took her hand as carelessly as the rose in her hair, seized one of her unwilling little hands in his great smooth one, as if everything were settled.

But, at last, they decided to do so, and Bobinette was shown into a room, the splendor of which dazed her; and Monsieur Lubin, Madame came to knowing what she could want with her. Bobinette made haste to show her the lace, and explain why she had come. Madame gave an exclamation of delight as she examined the delicacy and beauty of the pattern, and held it into the light to bring out its lustre. She could hardly believe that Bobinette was telling the truth when she told her that she had woven it out of her own hair. Then she called her maid in, and some ladies, her sisters, who were visiting at the chateau; and they all pronounced it exquisite, and were sure that none, by merely seeing it worn, could detect it from real gold lace, and the rarest of gold lace into the bargain.

"I am so glad that you came to me with it, child," said Madame De Capuchon; "I wanted the lace so much. At first I thought I would have some made of gold-colored silk thread; but that would have been a poor imitation of the real gold lace; silk is soft and flossy, and its lustre isn't at all like gold. It seems a pity to cut off such beautiful hair, though!"

Madame De Capuchon was very gracious because she was so pleased with the prospect of having what she desired. She was a handsome, stately woman, and was to appear at the festival as a queen of the olden time, and a quantity of gold lace was indispensable in the getting-up of such a costume.

Poor Bobinette, taking the advantage of this graciousness, ventured to tell her of the strait she was in—that if she did not have the money to pay by Saturday night, she and her poor old grandmother were to be turned into the street. Bobinette was very pretty and dainty, and she told the story in such a winning, honest way, that the lady was very much interested ere she had done.

And after asking her ever so many questions, she said at last, "How should you like to come and live at the chateau, Bobinette? I know that you have exquisite taste, and skillful fingers; and if you will, you may come as an assistant to my maid. I will pay you good wages, and there's a nice little room all ready for you in the west wing."

"But grandmama?" said Bobinette. "I couldn't leave her, you know."

Madame De Capuchon hesitated a little, then said that she might come too, as Bobinette assured her that she was a quiet old woman, and rarely stirred from her chair in the corner, and she would not be in the servants' way, as Bobinette could attend to her every want herself.

Bobinette could hardly contain herself for delight, for she had never dreamed of such good fortune as this.

"I will pay you for the lace, now," said Madame, "that you may settle with your cruel landlord as soon as possible; you may come here as early as you please in the morning—the earlier the better; I am so afraid you won't be able to weave all the lace I want before the day of the festival."

It was long past sunset when Bobinette set out on her way home again. The moon was just hung, like a silver lamp, in the sky, and a delightful wind was singing in the rose-garden that blossomed under the gray towers of the chateau. And she thought that the beautiful gay ladies she had seen at the chateau, and the moonlight, and the roses, could not be a reality, but all a dream. It was like a story from the "Arabian Nights." And to think that the chateau was to be her home for the future! She was willing to give up her marigolds and pansies for all those great rose-gardens. They would be hers as much as any one's when she lived at the chateau. She could have them to look at from morning until night.

Grandmamma was pleased, too, when she heard the story, though she was attached to her corner, and disliked the change even though it were for the better. And great was the surprise and chagrin of Monsieur Lubin when he received his rent so soon, and learned what a fine thing had happened to Bobinette.

Madame De Capuchon never regretted that she had taken the little lace-maker into her employ; for Bobinette was always grateful, and faithful, and industrious, and her taste and skill were remarkable. But she did not regret, surely, that she would leave the chateau on the day the wife of one of the richest young farmers in the country, though she gave her many fine presents, and made a gay holiday of her wedding. And Bobinette looked like a fairy bride, she was so wee and sparkling, and was as happy as one could be; for her husband was as good and generous as he was rich, and grandmamma was perfectly satisfied that she did not marry Monsieur Lubin, after all.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—Pare the potatoes very thin and let them lie in cold water an hour or longer. Some potatoes are best put on in cold water (old potatoes especially), and others are nicest if dropped into boiling water. Put on some salt, a little to a pint of water, allowed for each dozen potatoes, and cook till done, not a moment longer. Pour off all the water and let them stand five minutes in the saucepan (the lid partly off) on the back of the stove. Serve in a covered dish.

TO BAKE A LARGE FISH WHOLE.—Cut off the head and split the fish down nearly to the tail, prepare a nice dressing of bread, butter, pepper, and salt, moistened with a little water. Fill the fish with this dressing and bind it together with a fine cotton cord or tape, so as to confine it; the bindings may be three inches apart; lay the fish on a grate, on a bake pan, or a dripping pan, and pour round it a little water and melted butter. Baste frequently. A good-sized fish will bake in an hour. Serve with the gravy of the fish, drawn butter or oyster sauce.

FISH CAKES.—One pint boast salt codfish, picked very fine, two pints boiled potatoes, raw, peeled potatoes; put together in cold water and boil till the potatoes are thoroughly cooked; remove from fire and drain off all the water, mash with potato masher, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, two well-beaten eggs and a little water, mix well with a wooden spoon, have a frying-pan with boiling lard or drippings, into which drop a spoonful of mixture and fry brown; do not freshen the fish before boiling for codfish, and do not mold the cakes, but drop from spoon.

AN APPLE MERINGUE.—This is a delicate, quite showy dish, easy to make, and good when it is done. It needs good apples. Heat the cores with a sprightly flavor, pare, quarter, and remove the cores; stew in a bright tin or enameled sauce-pan, with water to boil, and a little cinnamon, as soon as the apples are tender remove from the fire; put the quarters, whole as possible, turn them into a pudding-dish, being careful not to break them up. While the apples are cooking get the meringue ready. For a moderate sized dish use the whites of four eggs, beaten to a firm froth; four ounces of sugar, and flavor with lemon, spread this over the apples in the dish, set in the oven, and bake until the surface is well and evenly browned. Serve hot for tea, but some prefer to let it get cold and eat it with cream.

TO ROAST BEEF.—The nicest pieces for roasting are the sirloin and rib pieces, the "middle or second cut ribs" are considered the best, but the "first cut ribs" are the smallest and most suitable for a small family. Ask your butcher to remove the backbone, and bind into a round shape, and tie securely with a stout string; then, before sending it to the table, you can remove the string and insert one or two steel skewers. Before placing the meat to roast, dredge all over with flour, seasoned with salt, then place it upon a grating to your dripping-pan and put it into a hot oven; baste frequently. If the meat is very fat you will need no water in your dripping-pan, but you had better put a small cup of boiling water into the pan after it has been in the oven fifteen minutes. A piece weighing eight or nine pounds will cook in an hour; that is what you like, and remember the meat when done is to be a bright fish, skin the drippings, add a little boiling water a little browned if you wish, but not too much, then strain it and send to table in a gravy boat.

FOR WOUNDS.—A correspondent of an exchange says: "A few weeks since as I was driving in an open wagon, my horse took frightened and the tongue of the wagon struck me in the left breast, so I was entirely at the mercy of circumstances. I was thrown from the wagon, my face severely cut and scratched and my body badly bruised. I insisted on walking home so as to keep my blood in vigorous circulation, and not allow my limbs and body to stiffen one. On my arrival at home I had the glass put on the stove, and after washing my wounds carefully carefully there with old linen on which the glue had been spread. All pain ceased from the moment of the application, and in an hour from the time of the accident I was at my work again. The wounds healed without any scar and were not disturbed in any way. As fast as they got well and the linen peeled up, I put it off with scissors. For many years I have tried the virtue of glue in slight abrasions, but this test of its value as a healing application I thought worth giving to your readers."

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A PROUD DAY FOR THE REPUBLIC.

After months of violent agitation, weary suspense, and almost unbearable stagnation of business throughout the whole country, caused by the uncertainties of the political situation, a decision has been reached and accepted, and a new President peacefully inaugurated.

With the partisan views of the matter, the POST has nothing to do. These are sufficiently presented to meet all demands of the most exacting, in the newspapers whose business it is to say what can be said on both sides. No one who has read such journals during the struggle will deny that enough, if not more than enough, light, darkness, patriotism, pettifogging, truth, misrepresentation, statement, argument, foolishness and wisdom have been presented to cover the whole case and to tire the whole people. We know that our readers gladly turn with a sigh of relief from this noisy turmoil to the peaceful and pleasant paths through which we delight to lead them.

Rising above all the strife, superior to party feeling, glorious to the American name, and worthy of permanent record are facts which all may rejoice in. The controlling, overwhelming majority of the people North and South are law-abiding and willing to solve political issues and difficulties by peaceful methods. When early in the struggle a few fanatics recklessly threatened war, they were speedily frowned down or laughed to scorn. The patience and abiding faith with which the people waited for the verdict, cannot be too highly commended. As a nation we are impulsive and most impatient of restraint or delay, but a high moral feeling held impatience in check, and waited to the end; waited, too, knowing that in the end there must be millions on one side or the other, disappointed with the result.

When the end came, and millions were disappointed, when a few were determined to override the judgment of the final tribunal to which the questions at issue had been referred, then patriotism prevailed, and the disappointed bowed in acquiescence and forced the reckless to pause and to submit. It is a triumph of good sense, of devotion to the interests of the country, and adds more to the strength of our institutions and the respect with which this country will be regarded abroad, than any triumph of arms could achieve. It firmly establishes the principle that political differences must in this country be settled by political methods; it demonstrates that the force of public opinion is to be relied on to ultimately bring about needed changes; it is a rebuke which corruptionists will do well to heed, for though its methods may be slower, they are inexorable, and will finally triumph.

So then out o the chaos there is light, and its influence already felt in every activity; the better times are close at hand. Agitations will continue, but their methods will be peaceful, and the voice of truth will make itself heard. Long live our country!

MORE DAYLIGHT.

The blue birds are singing and the owls are silent. Our exchanges from every part of the country bring the joyous news that the long hoped for revival of business and better times has already begun. The foundries and factories of Pittsburgh are again in full blast, enveloping that city in its accustomed murkiness, and its inhabitants are content. The spindles in the mills at Fall River and Lowell are again humming their stirring tune in full chorus, and the men and maidens swell the music with their happy songs. The deep bass notes of rumbling carts laden with goods, again resound in the streets of Philadelphia, New York, and other commercial cities. Look at this sample item of news from the Adams Express office of this city: "More goods have been forwarded by this line during the past week, than during any week since October last." The best indication of all is the rising courage and cheerfulness of the people. Confidence is being rapidly restored; gold has nearly reached par; money is plenty, and more is coming from abroad than is going out; more new enterprises are being projected now, than for years past. Spring is here; Summer is coming; let us now literally in all directions, for the harvest time is not far distant.

COMPLAINT FROM THE MOUTH.

The eye and ear have been lavishly provided for. Music has its professors, schools, academies, conservatories, its art, science, and literature. Painting and sculpture are similarly furnished with all appliances for expression, development, and glorification. The refining influences that can reach the soul of man through these avenues are abounding and potential. All grades, classes, and stages of development find abundant resources for enjoyment and further improvement. There are the penny whistle, the jew's-harp, the accordeon, flute, violin, and so on up to the encyclopedical organ for ears of every form, sensitiveness, sinuosity, and size. There are prints, lithographs, chromos, etchings, engravings, and paintings of every degree for all styles of vision, and every phase of fancy and grade of culture. Of this no complaint need be made. Every advancement of art is a better provision for the perfecting of man.

A word of complaint justly comes from the mouth. Where is its art, science and literature? Where the gentlemen that Hillo friendly minister to its capabilities? Where the academies which bestow instruction in the philosophy and practice of the enjoyments of the table?

In this an unworthy field to be cultivated by is eating grass, and are its pleasures animalistic and not to be considered by men of ideas? All the more is elevating instruction needed to raise it to a level with other sources of delight to man. Considered as a mere feeding, it does savor of grossness, but elevated to the point of filling the mouth with harmonies that shall diffuse supreme content through the soul, it may take rank among the higher experiences, become idealized, and its poetry be developed.

We are not unmindful that here and there a genius has arisen to indicate the possibilities in his direction. France, prolific in art, has her *Chefs de cuisine* and here and there a lyric or an epic in edibles is accomplished; but to the mass of mankind these achievements are unknown and unattainable. The manner in which most cooking and eating is done, seems to make such results simply impossibilities. As well look for prophecies of the masterpieces of Titian, Turner, and Messonier among the angular sketches of the Ninevites, as to expect the coming feasts of the poets from the average products of the pots and pans of the period.

Yet, despite the unpromising actuality, there are signs of the better era. Berlin and Boston have their cooking schools; Pierre Biot has lectured; Delmonico is demonstrating, and progress is possible. We commend the subject to the ladies who are pining for a mission; let them show by studies in other materials than butter, that they have not lived in vain.

AN ACCOUNT TO STUDY.

It would require books bigger than those used for the accounts of the Bank of England to record and correctly show the items of indebtedness which every man is under to his fellows and to antecedent generations. The work and the experience of all bygone ages have contributed to the sum of knowledge, comfort, and opportunities of the present. Not an article of clothing but has woven into its threads the thoughts of generations of inventors. The handiwork of Tubal Cain is perpetuated in every work of brass and iron, and the harp and the organ now echo the notes which his half brother Jubal first sounded in primeval times. The wisdom of Moses is stamped on the legislature of to-day; the inspiration of Job has lighted poetic fire in every subsequent age of literature.

We are born over head and ears in debt, and can never hope to extricate ourselves from the obligation it imposes. True it was not of our own choosing, nevertheless we willingly accept the benefits of the arrangement, and thus can not ignore the consideration of the claim.

It is also true that repayment can not be made to the original benefactors. They have passed away, and we enter upon possession of good things by inheritance. But every sentiment of justice demands that if return can be given for benefits received, it shall not be withholden.

"Freely ye have received, freely give," is the command which points out the only way by which to satisfy the claim. It is a rule of ethics more sublime than that which demands payment to the immediate creditor. It appeals to gratitude, and its outworking fulfils the royal law of love. It bids us increase the heritage and hand it down to our successors.

Under such surroundings there is no place for idlers, drones, or mere self seekers. Nor are the crimes of such unpunished. There must be fruit-yielding or corruption, decay and death, and only he gathers most of life who spends his life in increasing and imparting its treasures to others.

AN ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATION.—A good friend of ours, Father P——, relates the following, which occurred in his presence many years ago at a Methodist class-meeting in New York city. An earnest colored brother was invited to "lead class," and in the course of his remarks brought out the following illustration:

"Sometimes you see man wid bran new boots, a walkin' up Broadway; and ebery step he takes, de boots dey go squs-e-ek, squ-e-e-k." Every one was now all attention to see where the application would come in. "Ah, my bredren," he continued, "when we git up yonder, and walk de golden streets of de New Jerusalem, and hab on de silber gospel slippers, why den ebery step one take, dem slippers will go 'hallelluyer! hallelluyer!'"

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY MRS MARY E. KAIL.

Will any one care when I am at rest,
With white lashes thinning above my breast,
Whether my pallid brow was clear and bright,
Flooded with visions of golden light;
White misery filled the lowest depths below,
And drifted around me their scented snow?
Or whether thought darkened, I toiled alone,
Dashing my tired feet against every stone?
Looking in vain for a brightening sky—
While I fervently prayed that the end were nigh,
Where the pale violet with pure-hearted grace
Would press a last kiss on my calm dead face?

Or whether the robin with breast of red,
Trilled his clear notes from the boughs overhead,
And the meadow lark chanted her matin lay
To the sun and showers, each rainy day?
While the brown thrush hid in the leafy bower,
Warbled her hymn with creative power?
Or whether my bark tossed from side to side,
On the merciless waves of the ocean tide?
While the seagull wailed in a fitful alarm
Her fear of the crashing and pitiless storm.

What will it matter, and who will care
Whether I languished in mute despair;
Dying, too surely, and visions ne'ergo,
To relish the blight of life's summer-time;
While my pulse beat fast and my step was slow,
And the flickering flame in life's lamp burned low
Until all I could see by the light it shed,
Was that youth, and beauty, and hope were dead?

Ah yes, they will care, even those that reap
The grain I have sowed, when my eyes shall sleep
And with weary hands folded across my breast—
I shall lie 'neath the sheltering earth mold to rest.
The golden grain I have sown in tears,
Shall be reaped in the harvest of coming years.
'Tis well, if to others blessings may come,
As the fruit of the labor my hands have done.

ROCKING THE CRADLE AMONG THE SIERRAS.

MOUNTAIN JIM.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

There was a remarkable attachment between Mountain Jim and the sober young fellow from Sacramento. Jim had been about the border country for more than three years "trying," he had said once, "to throw his life away." Of course we knew from this that he was unhappy, but we did not question him. Ere many weeks had passed his infirmity was discovered to us. First, moody and crouched in the corner, then rushing up the mountain side he would toss his arms, shout and shriek until the paroxysm of insanity had exhausted him when, if unmolested, he would return to camp, but if he was any of the boys watching him he would cower for hours among the rocks ere he came down.

We felt no fear of him, and Dave, his young messmate, was the most affected by his infirmity. He took a general favorite and but little of the heavy work fell to his share, for, although he never complained, he was not robust, and while we lugged away the game we gave him the lighter labor. In turn, he relieved us of the irksome duty of preparing our homely meals; he having worked his passage out as cook on board the vessel.

While Jim was becoming a notorious gambler and addicted to strong drink, Dave even held aloof from the rite of burning liquor, and but few words. Half the time the young fellow seemed lost in a maze, giving little notice to passing events, and only by a convulsive twitching of the muscles, across bridging that he heard the hoarse taunt of laughter or of anger from the gulch above. But Jim's rough generosity of nature brought him into fellowship with our boys. If a fellow were sick, Jim's money went for him free as water. Did a straggler turn up among us, ragged and hungry, Jim shared his mess with him and parted his garments for the benefit of the vagabond, and without an eye to the business plan of reaping an hundred fold, for expressions of gratitude ever annoyed him.

So no one will understand Dole's remark, as we heard Jim one night yelling, crying and yelping far up the hills.

"I never in all my life so longed for the power of God as I do now," he said, "I don't often lose my temper, and you can blaspheme every miner here at Sutter's claim, only leave alone Mountain Jim. You know nothing of the soul if you have been rightly informed. He shared his loaf, his tools, his clothes with you when you came here too beggarly poor to carry a walking-stick even. Now, Miner——"

"Gad," exclaimed Ned, "what a shrew the fellow is!"

"Not ordinarily, but a man's infirmities don't show as well—but I call for every die fellow. You understand."

Something like a sob came to our ears, and the young fellow from Sacramento bowed his head upon his hands.

Not having any glasses to pledge our sentiment with, I could only reach over and nudge Doles's pipe-bowl with mine, and in the language of that untutored countryman exclaim:

"Wade in, Doles. I see you there and go you better. Right bower wins—Eureka!"

But somehow the dreadful infirmity of Mountain Jim never struck upon me as it did that night when he crept back into camp with his face almost livid, and I saw him, once or twice, wipe the bubbling foam from the corners of his mouth upon his frock sleeve.

And then Doles capped the climax as he restlessly turned upon our stretcher by muttering in my ear:

"It wouldn't be a bad plan, Mic, for us fellows to say our prayers before going to sleep o' nights, for, sooner or later, somebody is going to wake up dead of Mountain Jim."

Still, not one of us said to him to leave our cabin. I believe that we instinctively felt that we were safer with him near enough to possibly awake us with his movements than if his absence took us off our guard.

Well, we did our washing in the proper time—the rainy season—and found ourselves well-off for dust, and were making arrangements for its disposal, Doles and myself, and commenting in our gossippy way upon the pools in the gulch above.

The uninitiated might guess that the mining had yielded well by the devilish carnival going on in the ravine among the mixed company of men. I am not going to say that the brute was uppermost, that brutal instincts were running riot among the miners, for I reverence the brute creation too fully to insult them thus, for who ever knew the beasts of the fields to guzzle bad rum and worse whisky until they become foaming devils? If among them we occasionally meet a fiendish creature, his ailment is owing to natural causes; he don't imbibe his devils from the bung-hole of a liquor cask.

A fellow from Sonora had charge of the liquor—a fellow whose circumference far exceeded his perpendicular by actual measurement, having by his course of life affiliated his shape at the broad base of the barrels he lovered among; and under a canvas awning—little more than an enlarged umbrella—men came up and sold their souls, giving a little gold dust to boot for the fiery potations.

All the afternoon groups sat or lounged upon the side hills, awaiting the night and the coming of all their numbers to begin the gambling and other orgies.

And Mountain Jim was up there among them, when only the day before he had said low to the young fellow who seemed to think so much of him:

"Dave, I wish that you would go away from here."

"Away from here?" echoed Dave in surprise; "away from the place where I have been happier than for years? Why do you wish it, Jim?"

Jim hesitated a moment, during which time he seemed to be attempting to swallow something out of his throat, and then he replied:

"It's a dangerous place."

"Why you are here, Jim; Mic and Doles consider it a good place, I am sure, and—you are here, Jim."

Yes, that commenced and ended the young fellow's thoughts.

"You are here, Jim."

A sickening pallor overspread the rough miner's visage.

"There is the danger, Dave—I am the danger—I'm growing worse, and something dreadful is at hand. Will you leave,—you know—sometimes our best friends—are sacrificed—Dave——"

Overcome with his emotions Mountain Jim strode away, while Doles and myself exchanged glances as the young fellow shrank down in the corner and groaned aloud. Finally, he crept up to us with a shuddering gaze in his soft eyes.

"Can nothing be done for him?"

"Nothing," answered Doles. "Were he in the States, and anyone attempted to confine him they would only hasten the final catastrophe. He has warned you, Dave, and you had better move your bunk between us two. He could hardly harm you then without knowledge."

How short is human foresight! I have said that Mountain Jim was up there, this night of carousal, when the "dust" was in part going down the reckless miners' throats and the air shifting hands about as rapidly as the painted pasteboard upon which they won and lost it. A gambling den, whether it be a squalid cabin among the mines, or with a plate glass front in the cities, is the most perfect side show of hell that can be arranged on this planet, earth. The fierce visages with blood-shot eyes, the oaths, the jeers, the fetid atmosphere, the hoarse calls of the game-mad revellers,—one only has to shut his eyes and give his fancy full play to believe himself in the near suburbs of the veritable historical hell.

The echoes came to us like the jangle, and grate, and snarl of an enraged menagerie. Occasionally there would be a moment's silence as if the diabolical crowd paused to take breath, and then the jumble of sounds would go on again.

"No sleep for us to-night," said Doles, irritably; "it would be safer to lie down amongst a herd of corpse-eating hyenas!

"I will watch," said Dave.

"It is safer for us all to be awake," I returned—"at most we're only three to their two-score; we will all keep awake;" and we stretched ourselves outside the tent in the starlight. Doles and myself fortunately speaking of our morrow's intended journey to San Francisco.

A rout of sounds and then a pause from Hovey's gulch, then Dave's calm voice cut in a quick, startled way, "Look yonder."

A man was flying down the almost perpendicular face of the foot-hill towards our cabin.

He was bare-headed and very pale, and we immediately recognized him as Pruen, a Feather River miner. "Come up, boys," he shouted, when within several rods of us, "Jim's gone mad and they will kill each other—all the miners—come up!"

Dave was ahead of us, although Doles and myself prided ourselves much on our paces. On a level plateau on the side of the ravine, a group of excited men presented every conceivable attitude, although the evident purpose of maintaining a compact wall seemed paramount to each mind.

There was an ominious pause as we came up, with only an indescribably dreadful sound, a sort of "uuff, huf, huff," as of breath crushed out of the body. We came on and then as we crowded up we were met with a torrent of phrases. "No, yer don't!" "Hold the ring, boys"—"A fight in right down regulation bar to the hilt," said "mad game-cocks"—"No, yer don't—havl hard on the hawser, these Parson Pipkins want ter git in an' spile the show." "My dust on Mountain Jim"—"Mine on Feather River"—"Hip"—"There spits the claret"—"A pint extra for the man that licks"—"Under the brisket, Joe;" "Hi, there goes Jim"—"No, he's again"—"Stove outside, hurra." Pen fails to describe the dreadful scene. The drunken, swaying devils holding a ring around the combatants—inside, Jim and a powerful fellow known as Feather River, were in a death struggle. Both of them were bare-headed and their unkempt, straggling hair streaming over their bloodstreaked faces, and their shirts were torn to rags. Both were playing with knives like fiddlebows upon each other. The wretched wife view of them in glimpses as we madly ran around the circle and sought to break through, barely intimidated by the several knives that flashed at us from amidst the desperate crew. "What began it?" I had questioned the young fellow who gave us warning, when I came up.

"They were playing," when Feather River stopped to pick up a card that had fallen and his cap slid off, revealing a long purple dent upon his forehead. Jim had no sooner seen this than he leaped on with a roar like a wild beast and grappled him, yelling—

"Where's my wife—fiend—devil—my wife."

"Feather River laughed like a fool in his face, and you see, Carnes, he'll never get clear of Jim alive."

He had explained this, the young miner who was, by far, the most sober man among them, as he ran around the double ring of desperadoes who continually yell "fair play—fair play, there—stop fair play there, Jim; no, back, d——n ye, "no us;" "you can't spoil that fun."

At this instant, with a clear tenor cry that visits my dreams to this day, Dave, gathering the strength of every muscle for the occasion, leaped clear over the intervening obstacles and came down on his knees close to the fighting men. I only saw him mixed in one moment with the legs of the combatants and then rising up between them, then driven desperate now by the boy's peril, Doles and I did not hesitate to knock our way through the drunken demons, and in a moment the melee was promiscuous, all aiming for the central group.

Jim and his antagonist inextricably twisted together, whirled dizzily like a candle too small for the candlestick, and in a moment fell heavily to the ground, Dave stepping from between them as if unhurt, and then with the motion of a blind man reaching out towards Mountain Jim, on whose body he fell with a sort of heavy tuff.

The combatants were dead; their bodies were literally minced meat, so desperately had they used their knives upon each other.

They were buried separately, our minds revolting from the idea of their dust mingling in one grave. Dave we carried on a stretcher, made of our blankets, down to our tent; but no surgery of ours could recall him to life. He was dead without a wound or scar upon him, with only a purple tinge in his face and about his lips, as if he had been crushed to death in his brave struggle to separate the murderers.

"My God!" exclaimed Doles, resting at last from his exertions and giving up the idea of bringing him back to life. "This is the final act of a dreadful tragedy."

Who was he?

I know the reader got the same impression that we did when the young man explained Mountain Jim's words as he sprang upon the miner from Feather River, that this slight young fellow would prove to be the wife for whom the poor man doubtless had gone mad; but such was not the case.

We never knew any more. The mystery was never revealed any farther. We bolowed him a grave there among the Sierras, and this was all the funeral service that he had. As we stood around, Doles and myself, with bared heads nearest the grave, he repeated these words with solemn pathos:

"And I say unto you that greater love hath no man than to give his life for a friend."

A WOMAN'S WORK

BY ERRN E. HEXFORD.

A woman's face shone out from the scarlet background of the sofa's velvet cushions, like a cameo in its white distinctness. A face full of sharp lines of physical pain, and with traces of keen suffering in the eyes fixed on the half open door, connecting it with the adjoining room.

A sound of voices, low and indistinct, came to her listening ear. She raised up, and leaned forward that she might be better able to hear what was being said, while the shadow in her eyes darkened, and her mouth quivered in a painful, grieved way.

The ripple of a woman's laugh, soft and musical as the sound of a brook heard far away, through fringing alders and willows leaning over its low banks, came to her, and she shut her thin lips together as if the sound hurt her.

"He is with her," she said, letting her head drop back upon the cushions again, and closing her eyes wearily, "I wish I were out of the way."

She lay then for a long time without stirring. You might have thought that she was asleep, if you had merely glanced at her; but if you had looked at her closely, you would have seen that tears were creeping from under her closed lids, and wetting her cheeks.

"Oh, traitor!" she cried, raising herself from the pillows with one weak arm, with a voice worn ringing in her tones. "I wonder how you dare stand there and look at me in that way. You could not if your heart were not so false to everything womanly and true."

John Danesford came into the room, and paused a little way from the sofa, trying to look as if he had come unexpectedly upon his wife. His face was fair enough to see, but it was a weak one. It lacked strength as Miss Trent's lacked soul. A man's face without strength is almost as painful as a woman's lacking soul.

"What is the matter, Lucia?" he asked, in a tone that had something like reproach in it. "You know you ought not to agitate yourself unnecessarily."

"You ask me what the matter is?" she said scornfully. "Of course your conscience doesn't tell you. If you were in my place, and I were in yours, and I had been amusing myself as you have been for a month or two back, and the knowledge of my—shall I call it faithlessness?—had come to you so plainly that you could not doubt it, and you had lowered and insulted, would it not be in rather bad grace for me to ask you *why* you felt injured? Oh, John, send her away, if you have any regard for me."

The sick woman made a gesture in the direction of Miss Trent, who smiled pityingly.

"She is growing worse," she said, in much the same tone one would use when talking of the wandering fancies of a lunatic. "Very fast, too."

"You are causing yourself and us a great deal of unnecessary trouble," the sick woman's husband said, a little fretfully. "You have had a brain full of curious conceits, for some time past. Perhaps your own weakness accounts for them. I hope it is that, rather than wilful prejudice."

"Fine words," his wife cried, bitterly. "I am not a fool, neither am I insane, and you know that I have sufficient reason for prejudice against that woman! Who should have the most influence over you,—she or I? You know who should, John, and you know that the one who ought to have most, has least. It is a humiliating thing for a woman to say to her husband, at any time, but doubly so when the woman who is her rival can be present. But you force me to say it. I have borne this treatment as long as I can stand it. If she stays here, I will not. Choose between us, once and forever."

She sank back exhausted by the violence of her passion, and lay there with closed eyes. She could not bear to see the triumph of her rival.

"Of course, Miss Trent will not stay here to be treated in this way," Danesford said, with an injured air. "If you will be so foolish and unreasonable as to persist in this conduct, you will force her to go away, rather than compromise herself."

"Stop!" cried his wife, with more contempt in her face than words can utter. "Don't for one moment think that such talk has the weight of a feather with me. I have told you what I will do. She must go, or I will. Leave me, if you please, but remember that I mean what I say."

John Danesford was only too glad to get away from her in her present mood. He did not feel like measuring words with her, because he knew that what she said had the weight of truth in it.

He followed Miss Trent out upon the balcony.

"Mrs. Danesford is in one of her most tragic moods to-day," she said, laughing softly.

"Don't mind what she said," he answered, "I only care for your sake. It makes it so unpleasant for you."

"I will go away to-morrow," she said. "I ought to have gone a month ago. It would have been better for us all."

Miss Trent never uttered truer words than those were.

"Oh, Isabel," he cried, and caught her hand in his. "You cannot dream what I shall lose in losing you. If I did not love you so. Icould let you go, but now!"

"But it would not mend matters for you, nor for anyone if I were to stay here a score of years," she answered. "She is your wife and has the greater claim on you. You can forget me," she added, with a dangerously tender smile. It was not the kind of smile a woman gives a man when she *wants* him to forget.

"You know better than that!" he said, passionately. "Oh, Isabel, if it were not for her! Who knows?—fate may bring things out right yet. I could wait for years, for the happiness I should have in having you. Could you?"

"I could wait a life time ?" she answered. And he believed her, for her fair face bewildered him, and held him in its spell. He could not see how false it was, nor know that she had toyed with a score of other men's hearts as she was toying with his. Everybody has his favorite pastime. Winning hearts was hers. But after they were won she valued them less than the ribbon in her hair.

She had tasted John Danesford's wife for years. She had come to Danesford Place to pay off the old score. By amusing herself in her favorite way she could most effectually take her revenge, and she had had her amusement and her revenge and was satisfied to go.

And the next day she left the house where she had wrought such cruel havoc with the peace of a man's and a woman's heart, with no sting in her conscience for what she had done. Perhaps she had no conscience to sting.

She went to Mrs. Danesford's room to say good-bye. Lucia looked at her with cold, accusing eyes.

"I am going," she said, with that cruel, taunting smile of hers flickering over her lips. "I came to say good-bye and tell you what a pleasant summer I have had here."

"Good-bye. I hope I shall never see you again," Mrs. Dangsford said, and motioned her away.

"I am quite sure both of us will have reason to remember this delightful summer," Miss Trent said with mocking sarcasm in her tones. "Don't forget me, please. I have only time to see your husband for a few minutes, so—good-bye." And the woman whose face had no soul in it but whose heart had a devil in it, swept her silken skirts out of the room and left the woman, whose heart she had wrung, to cry bitterly over what she had lost.

Danesford was waiting for her in the hall. If his face lacked the strength of a resolute, earnest manhood, it had the strength of a wild, absorbing passion in it now. He caught her in his arms and held her close to his heart, while he kissed her over and over.

"Oh, my darling!" he cried. "I love you! and I must give you up for a time, but you promised to wait for me, and I will have you yet."

* * * * * * * *

When Isabel Trent was gone John Danesford realized as he had not done before, how much he cared for her. He knew that his passion was guilty and a sinful one; knew that the woman who bore his name was a true and faithful wife, in spite of all the pain he had caused her, and as such entitled to his loyalty. But he could not forget the woman who had won him from the right path. She was the one woman in the world to him.

From the time when she had told him that she would wait for him,—a life-time, if need be,"—a wild hope had possessed him. The obstacle in the way of his having that which he coveted might be removed. His wife's hold of life was a frail one, at best. If she should die!

It is strange how a weak and vascillating man will fix his mind upon one idea and hang to it with a tenacity that would hardly be expected of stronger men. The one idea of John Danesford's never left him for a moment. It faced him everywhere. It haunted him, sleeping or waking. If she should die!

By and by another thought which was a fitting supplement of this one, came like a demon to whisper to him. If he had not strength, if he had desire, to turn away from it. And the longer he listened the more tempting the thought became.

Would this woman who so stood in his way never step out of it? Why could he not cut the thread of life,—such a slender, brittle thread at best,—and solve the problem without further trouble? It was an easy thing to do. If it were only done he was free, and the woman whose face was always in his memory would be his reward.

He paced up and down the carpet in the dull November day, thinking of it. It seemed so easy, and there was so much to win, so little to lose. In the absorbing intensity of his passion, he utterly forgot he had such a soul to lose, or ignored the question wholly. Or perhaps his soul seemed such a little, worthless thing to him, in comparison with the love that held him in its mad grasp that the loss of it was a trifle hardly worth troubling oneself over.

His wife was nervous and restless, and full of fretful fancies for them. I hope it is her bidding in an absent, preoccupied way. He was facing his fate.

"John?" It was her voice calling him again, in the grey twilight, querulous and almost impatient.

"Well." He came and stood beside her, with a strange, restless, half-frightened look in his face.

"I am tired. I want to rest. I wish you would give me one of those powders in the little box on the table yonder."

"I will fix it," he said, in a tone that seemed very far away, very strange, even to himself. He almost wondered if it was the sound of his own voice that he heard.

He went to the table and poured out a small portion in a glass of water, with a hand that trembled terribly. His face was full of a wild, desperate resolve.

He brought the draught to her, and turned his head away when she reached for it, his breath coming short and hard, and his heart beating swift and loud, as though it would warn her of her danger.

She drank the draught, and he took the glass and carried it back to the table with a hard, exultant gleam in his face. It was done. He had dared the worst. "For her sake!" he whispered with pallid lips. "For *her* sake."

The morning came and brought the gloom of a drearier day than yesterday had been, but the woman who had been so tired, was at rest, and did not wake up.

They came to him and told him that she was dead. When they saw how pale he turned at the tidings, and how he staggered and could not speak, they pitied him and whispered to each other that he had cared more for her than they had supposed.

"Free!" he cried, when they were out of sight. "Free, oh, my darling to claim you and keep you forever," and he stretched his hands as if to clasp some invisible being to his breast. "Free,—but a murderer!" and at the thought of all that hard, terrible word meant, he shivered and fell upon a chair, white to the lips. He saw what he had done now. Such a fearful price for freedom.

* * * * * * *

She was walking up and down the avenue in the fading light of the winter day. Her face was full of the beauty it held when it fascinated John Danesford. But the soul had not come into it yet.

A step on the snow startled her. She turned and saw John Danesford beside her.

"You here," she cried, and there was no warm eagerness of love in her voice, no glad welcome.

"Yes, darling," he answered and stretched out his hands towards her, his face full of the love which had urged him on to do what he had done. "You said you would wait for me a life time, if need be. You need wait no longer."

"I don't know what you mean," she said coldly.

He turned pale. The meeting was so different from that his fancy had drawn that he felt chilled and numb.

"She is dead," he said. "There is nothing between us now."

The woman who had told him she would wait a life time, laughed a low, mocking laugh.

"Were you so much in earnest that you thought *I* must be?" She asked. "I am sorry if you were."

"My God, Isabel!" he cried, "don't torture me. If you only knew what I had done for your sake!"

"I don't wish to torture you," she said. "I want you to understand. I want you fully. It seems you have deceived yourself. I am as much to you now as I ever can be, or ever was. Did you think I meant all I said? Do you believe everything you hear, any more than you believe all you say? We had a pleasant summer, and when the summer ended, our pleasures ended with it. I want you to understand me. I was not in sober earnest if I told you my pretty little nonsense about waiting a life time. Men and women tell each other that very often nowadays, and forget it a week later."

"And you mean that you do not love me?—that you deceived me?" he cried, his eyes full of an awful fear.

"Yes, if you were foolish enough to be deceived by anything I may have said about caring for you. My husband is coming. Perhaps we had better end this interview. I am sorry for you if you were so much in earnest as you seem to have been if such sympathy is of any use to you, you have welcome to it. But I advise you to be careful in the future about putting too much confidence in what the woman tells you who flirts with you. Good evening, sir," and with a smiling bow, she was gone.

He sat down upon a stone and sat there for a long time; then he got up his face was like that of an old man.

"And it was for this!" he said, brokenly, as he went slowly down the avenue. "My God! it was for this!"

AN EDITOR'S MISTAKE.

The struggle for supremacy between the London *Chronicle* and the *Times* had lasted for some years, when, if we may put faith in Dr. Mackay, an incident occurred, which, if the *Chronicle* had taken advantage of it, might perhaps have given it the superiority." The dispute between Great Britain and the United States respecting the boundary was at its height, and "the money-market was sensitive lest, unfortunately, the Americans should prove so unreasonable as to render a war inevitable; for the President's message was consequently looked for with more than usual anxiety, and speculation was eager to know whether its tone would be peaceable or hostile." One December night—or rather morning, for it was an hour and a half past midnight—Mr. Black was shut up in his room, putting the last touches to his leader for the next day, Mackay was asleep in another room, waiting for the last lines of copy, so that the paper might be made up, when the night-porter announced that a gentleman was waiting, desiring to see the editor on urgent business, which would not admit of a moment's delay. When shown up to Mackay's room, he said that he was just from New York by the steamer by which he was a passenger had stopped for four hours at Queenstown, and he had jumped on board one which was on the point of starting for Liverpool. There he had engaged a special train, for which he had paid eighty guineas; and here he was with a copy of the *New York Herald* in his pocket containing the President's message, which was at the service of the *Morning Chronicle* for the sum of five hundred pounds. Mackay hurried to Black with the news. The editor was equally astonished. "What am I to do?" he said. "It is a large sum. Ask the gentleman to wait ten minutes while I think it over." The gentleman refused. "I can't wait ten minutes. If the *Chronicle* won't do business with me, I must do business somewhere else; but I like the politics of the *Chronicle*, and give it the first offer. But, as I am in a hurry and thirsty, I will go to Short's tavern next door and wait five minutes, while I have a glass of brandy-and-water. Not another minute can I spare." Black passed up and down the room, speechless by fits and starts: "I am afraid I shall be blamed by the proprietors if I agree to pay so large a sum. But, after all, it would be well worth the money to have the message exclusively. No! I am afraid we cannot. It would be hard upon me to have my bargain repudiated. If MacGillivray were sole proprietor, I would not hesitate. What shall I do?" "Risk it," said Mackay. At that moment the stranger was shown up, and produced the *New York Herald* with the message ten or twelve columns long. At the last moment Black declined the offer. The stranger folded up his paper, and, with a curt "Good-night, disappeared. Two minutes later, Black sent Mackay to run after the man and bring him back. He was just in time to see him jump into a cab and rattle off in the direction of the Thames office. There was no other cab on the stand, and it was useless to follow him on foot. Next morning the *Times* contained the message in full; and Black acknowledged that it would have been better for the *Chronicle* to have paid a thousand pounds than to allow its rival to gain such an advantage over it.—*Appleton's Journal.*

BOOKS.—Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book. A message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

SACRED THINGS.—There are a thousand things occurring in life which it were impertinence to share with another, because they are things which, whether trifling or important, are so only in relation to ourselves.

FORGOT ME.

BY HEDORA CLARK.

It was a perfect, calm, autumnal night.
Of ripened fruits and golden garnered grain,
And crimsoned leaves amid the later blooms.

We stood together in the falling dusk;
This clear, still night would end the summer hours,
Would crush the tenderness from out your life,
And leave its blight upon the summer flowers.

Would chill the streamlet on the mountain side,
And fringe with feathered rime, the forest trees,
Would fill the moaning pine with sweet refrains,
The mournful music of the midnight breeze.

We were together, for the time had come,
Which was to part, forever, you from me.
Above were groups of stars; below us surged
The solemn, murm'rous music of the sea.

Your peerless eyes, so full of yearning love,
Met mine that hour, amid the evening gloom;
My lips were cold and breathed a mute farewell,
My face, you said, was like some pallid bloom.

So white and seeming cold the half-moon rose
Along the azure vaults of purple sky,
It drifted 'neath the curtain of a cloud,
One moment, while we kissed and said "good-bye."

Since then, tho' three long years have passed away
No other lips have ever touched mine own,
No hand has lingered in a fond caress
Within my clasp. My heart is mine alone.

A sacred friendship I have kept for you
Thro' all those years, and nothing more.
The saddest that has ever graced my life.
And sweet with memories of days of yore.

OLD MONEYBAGS' WILL

BY MARY MARBURY.

"What a time it is since you were here, Mrs. Marbury; and how fresh you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Chappell, while I shook hands with her over the counter one day in the early part of August. "Wherever have you been so long? I should say into the country from your appearance."

I could not reciprocate the compliment, for I thought she looked fagged and jaded—but it might be with the heat—so I simply answered her question.

"Well, I have been into the country, it is true, but not amongst green fields and scented hedgerows. I have been into the 'Black Country:' black with coal, and slag, and cinder heaps, and smoke; and fiery-red at night with the glow from roaring furnaces. So you see I have not been picking up my fresh looks where children pick up daisies. No, I have been helping to right a great wrong; and perhaps my inward satisfaction may have smoothed away a few outward wrinkles."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Chappell, bending forward with a look of eager inquiry; "I hope it is not a secret?"

"No, just the reverse," I replied, sitting down on a rep-chair. "And as there disenthroned myself of a secret which has loaded my mind for many years. I have not kept it willingly; but the time had not come for me to speak."

"It is about ten years ago, when I followed my calling in Willenhall and Walsall, I was sent for somewhat hastily to attend an old fellow—I cannot call him a gentleman, though he was rich enough—who lived in a solitary square house away from the high-road, and was supposed to be dying.

"I had often heard of old Weston, or 'owd Moneybags' as he was called, walking about and talking to the locksmiths and nail-makers, men and women both; and it was from one of the latter Amazons, whose head I was plastering up after a free fight with a rival of the hammer, that I had heard what little I knew of him.

"There goes owd Moneybags after his rents. They say he's a mint o' money in th' bank, an' lots o' houses; an' it'll a fa' to his gran'child, a lad no bigger nor ewer Sam. Look at his gould stick, an' him nobbut a Willenha' locksmith when oi wer wed; but thet's moore nor forty year sin"?

"She then went on to tell me that Jim Weston had invented a new kind of lock, and, taking but a patent for his invention, had thereby amassed a fortune, and it would all fall to a boy who had put other folk's noses out; and to call him a gentleman, though he was rich enough—who lived in a solitary square house away from the high-road, and was supposed to be dying.

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THE SINGER'S PRIZE.

The tall house lowers grimly,
Deformed by smoke and rain;
And the liberated sunshine dimly
Blinks on the window-pane.

Though seen and numb her fingers,
And slowly fades the light,
The girl nor rests nor lingers,
But sews from morn till night.

Her bright young face is sunken,
And fails her gentle breath;
Her fair young form is shrunken,
To fit the robes of death.

And I think of the woodland shadows
That she has never seen,
Of the wonder of song to the meadows,
When all the world is green.

But now the close lips quiver,
The nimble hands are slow,
The voice she dreams of ever
Rings in the room below.

The mad young poet is singing
While only a nest to rail;
But a fountain of health is springing
Up from the narrow street.

And whether he sings in sorrow
Or whether he sings in glee,
He hopes that the world to-morrow
Will list to his melody.

And I think though his heart were burning
What words no man ever said,
The world would be turning and turning
If he were dead.

Only, both late and early,
The girl, as maidens will,
Dreams when the voice comes clearly
Up to her window sill.

A brave face has she found him,
A manner frank and gay,
And long ago has crowned him
With myrtle wreath or bay.

A good sword clanging loudly,
A plume on waving hair,
A cloak that drapes him proudly,
Such as the players wear.

So whether in glee or sadness
He sings, he has won the prize,
When he brings the light of gladness
To a dying maiden's eyes.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(*Continued.*)

Steeped to the ears in the old miserable jealousy, was Mrs. Frank Raynor. All through this past year had she been nourishing it greedily. It had grown into a chronic ailment; it colored her mind by day and her dreams by night. The most provoking feature of it all was, that she could not lay hold of any tangible proof of her husband's delinquency, anything special to make a stir of and how intensely aggravating that deficiency is to a jealous woman, let many a one confess. That her husband did go to Mrs. Bell's frequently, was indisputable; but then, as a set-off against that, stood the fact that he went in his professional capacity. No end of pills and potions were entered to Mrs. Bell's share in the physic book, and Daisy was therefore unable to assert that the plea for his visits was a pretence. But she believed it was. Once, chance had given her an opportunity of speaking of these visits. A very serious accident happened in the street just opposite their door, through the pranks of a vicious horse. Daisy saw it from the drawing-room window; saw the injured man brought into the surgery. She ran down to the parlor in distress. Frank was not at home. The boy flew one way to find him, Eve ran another; but Frank could not be found, and the poor sensitive man had to be carried away elsewhere. "I'm very sorry," said Frank, when he returned, speaking rather carelessly; "I was at Mrs. Bell's." "You appear to be pretty often there," retorted Daisy, a rasping sound in her usually coldtone. "I go every two or three days," said he. And how much oftener, I wonder? thought Daisy; but she did not say it.

No, there was no open offence for her to lay hold of. What Daisy looked for was, to see her husband in the company of Rosaline. And this she could not get to see. Not once, during the whole past twelve month, had she seen them abroad together; the pleasant sight seemed specially to evade her eyes. She did not, so to say, watch Frank as at first, but she looked after him tolerably well; and she had not once been rewarded by the sight of Rosaline. Had that obnoxious individual been a myth, she could not have more completely hidden herself from her neighbors and friends. Only on a week-day. On Sundays Daisy generally saw her at church; the girl sat in a pew that was within view of Mr. Max Brown's. In that pew Rosaline would be, wearing her plain dark gown; demure, seeming to notice nobody; had she been training for a nun, the world could not have appeared to possess less interest for her. Her black lace veil was never lifted from her face at all, but it could not hide that face's beauty. Frank, when at church (which was not always), was on his good behavior and did not hasten to follow Rosaline out. In truth he had not the opportunity afforded him, for Rosaline seemed to glide away before anybody else stirred, and be lost to sight.

In this unsatisfactory manner the seasons had passed, Frank and his wife never find the a cold, estranged atmosphere; at tacit war with one another (at least she was), without any acknowledged cause.

On this same evening that was to witness Edina's visit, the West Indian mail had brought a letter to Frank from Mr. Max Brown. That roving individual wrote regularly once a month, all his letters being filled, more or less, with vague promises of his return. Vague, because no certain time was ever mentioned for it. Frank called for Eve to light the lamp, and stood by the fire in the little parlor while he read his letter. It was genial autumn weather, and very few people had taken to fires; but Daisy seemed ever to feel chilly, and liked one lighted at dusk. People who live in a chronic state of discontent, fancy discomfort sometimes where none exists.

"He says he is really coming now, Daisy," cried Frank in a brisk tone as he looked over the letter. "Listen: 'I am now positively thinking of starting for home, and may be with you soon after the beginning of the new year. I know that you have thought my prolonged absence strange, but I will fully explain all in person. My mother is, I fear, sinking now.'"

Mrs. Frank Raynor made no reply or comment of any kind. For days together she would not speak to her husband, except when anything he might say absolutely demanded an answer.

"And when Brown comes, we shall have to leave," went on Frank. "You will be glad of it, I am sure."

"I don't care whether we leave or not," was the ungracious retort.

And she did not seem to care. Life, for her, had lost its sweetness. Nay, she probably would prefer, of the two, to remain where she was; if away, she could no longer look after her husband's movements.

"I shall be at liberty, once Brown is here to take to his own practice," continued Frank; "and I will try to place you in a more genial atmosphere than this. I know you have felt it keenly, Daisy, and are feeling it still; but I have not been able to help myself."

If a tone was considerately tender; he stooped unexpectedly and kissed her forehead. Daisy gave no answering kiss: she just passively endured the caress, and that was all. Frank carried his letter into the surgery, where a great portion of his home time was passed.

His thoughts were far away. Would Mr. Blase Pellet tolerate this anticipated removal of his when it came?—would he, so to say, *permit it?* Or, would he not rather dodge Frank's footsteps and establish himself in some other chemist's shop where he could still hold him in view? Or: Frank felt certain that he would. Unconscious though Frank was of his wife's supervision, he felt persuaded in his mind that he was subjected to that of Blase Pellet. It was not, in one sense of the word, an offensive supervision; for not once in three months did he and Pellet come in contact: but Frank felt always just like a man chained—who can get as far as the chain allows him, but no farther. With all his heart he wished that he could better his position for Daisy's sake; had long wished it; but in his sense of obedience he had been contented to let things go on as they were going, dreading any attempt at change. Over and over again had he felt thankful for the prolonged wanderings of Mr. Max Brown, which afforded him the necessary plea for putting up with his present lot.

Daisy sat on with her discontented face. A very pretty face yet; prettier, if anything, than of yore; with the clear eyes and their amber light, and the delicate bloom on the lovely features, and the sunny, luxuriant hair. She always dressed daintily, wishing in her secret heart, in spite of her resentment, to please her husband back. This evening she wore a dark blue silk, one of the remnants of her better days, with a bit of rich white falling lace at the throat, on which a gold locket, attached to its thin chain, rested. Any pretty did Edina think her when she arrived, and was brought into the room by Frank.

"You never come to see me," began Daisy with unnecessary complaint. "I might be dead and buried, for all you or anybody else would know, Edina."

"Ah no, Margaret," was Edina's answer. "Not while you have your good husband at your side. If you really needed us, he would take care that we should know it."

"All the same, everybody neglects me," returned Daisy. "I'm glad you thought of me at last."

"I came this evening for a certain purpose," said Edina, who would not urge in excuse the very little time she had to give to visiting, for Daisy must know it quite well. "Frank, will you kindly tell Daisy the news?"

Frank, who, nothing loth, had been putting her best net-strings, told Frank of Mr. Street's visit, of its purport, and of their own conjectures at Laurel Cottage after the banker had departed.

"Why yes, it was I who emptied the ebony desk," said Frank. "A false bottom! I really can't believe it, Edina. Some of us would not have failed to find it out."

We could not, Frank," replied Mr. Street says. He did not know of it himself, you hear, until Mr. George Atkinson spoke of it."

"If there was anything of the kind—well, yes, I suppose there must have been," said Atkinson says it," rejoined Frank. "But why in the world did not Atkinson speak of it before? When he was last in England, the hiding place of these bonds was being hunted for, high and low—or had been hunted for, not long before."

"He says, I tell you, that he cannot imagine how it was it did not occur to him to ask whether the desk had been searched, or should imagine," added Edina, "that he would not suppose but what the secret compartment was known, and took its search for granted. But, Frank, we cannot remedy the past; fulfilment we talk of is for ever; what I want to ascertain from you is, whether you remember where you left the desk."

"No, that I don't. I remember turning the bills and papers out of it wholesale, and carrying them into the room where Mrs. Raynor was sitting. As to the desk, I suppose it remained upon the table."

"You are sure you emptied it of all the papers?"

"Sure and certain," replied Frank in his usual light, gay manner. "I remember that much. I turned the desk upside down and shook the papers out. After words passed my hand inside to be satisfied that none remained."

"Kate says she saw you do it. But she does not recollect what became of the desk."

"Neither do I recollect. I accept that the desk was left in the room. I dare say it was still there when the rest of you came away."

"The great fear on our minds is, whether it was packed inadvertently, and brought up with the rest of the luggage. If so, it was burnt with that."

"Not likely, Edina. Nobody could pack up that desk inadvertently."

"Not likely, I should say. I expect a great deal of the packing was left to the servants."

"Sure to have been," acknowledged Frank readily.

"Well—and there it is," concluded Edina. "I think the probability is that the desk was put up by the servants and was brought away. If it had remained at Eagles' Nest, it would no doubt be there now."

"How I wish it were there, if it will never find the lost money as long as oak and ash grow; wanting the bonds to furnish the clue to it," observed Frank. "It is a very unsatisfactory thing, George Atkinson should have remembered to speak in time."

He was called into the surgery with the last words, being wanted there. Edina began to re-tie her bonnet-strings. Daisy had picked up some crochet-work.

"Why don't you take your bonnet off, Edina, and stay?"

"Because I must go home, dear."

"Not before you have had some supper.—Not stay for it? Why can't you stay?"

"I do not like going back so late."

"As if anybody would hurt you!"

"I do not fear they would. But I am not London bred, you know, Margaret, and cannot quite overcome my feeling of dislike to London streets at night."

"Oh, very well. Nobody cares to be with me now."

Edina looked at her. It was not the first indication by several that Mrs. Frank Raynor had given of a spirit of discontent.

"Will you tell me what it is that is troubling you, Margaret? Something is, I know."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I perceive it. I detect it every time I see you."

"Then it's nothing," returned Daisy—she would not have spoken of her jealousy for the world. "That is, anything that anybody could help, or hinder."

"My dear," said Edina, bending nearer to her, her sweet voice and loving tone sounding like pleasant music, "that some grievance or other is especially trying you, I think I cannot mistake. But oh, remember one thing, and take comfort. In the very brightest and happiest lot, lurks always some canker. Each rose, however lovely, must have its thorn. We ought not, in the interest of our true welfare, to wish it otherwise. God sends the clouds, Margaret, as well as the sunshine. He will take care of you while the trouble lasts, if you only bear patiently and put yourself under His shelter; and He will bring you out of the trouble in His own good time. *Trust to Him*, my dear, for He is a sure refuge."

And when Edina had left, Frank walking a little way with her through the more obscure streets, Daisy burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. The indulgence of this jealousy might be very gratifying to her temper; but it had lasted long, making her at times feel low and ill and weak.

"If God cared for me He would punish that Rosaline Bell," was her comment on Edina's words. "Lay her up with a broken leg, or something."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UNDER THE CHURCH WALLS.

"No, I cannot buy the bonnet unless you will make the alteration at once. Now: so that I may take it home with me in the carriage."

The speaker was Mrs. Townley. Daisy was spending the day with her in Westbourne Terrace, and they had come abroad, shopping. Mrs. Townley had fallen in love with a bonnet she saw in a milliner's window in Oxford Street; she entered the shop and offered to buy the bonnet, subject to some alteration. The mistress and proprietor seemed rather unwilling to make it.

"I assure you, madam, it looks better as it is," she urged. "If we substitute blue flowers for these grey ones and carry the side higher, it will take away all its style at once."

The assurance somewhat shook Mrs. Townley. If there was one thing she went in for, above all else, it was "style." But she liked to have her own way also, and depended much upon her own taste.

"Three pairs of these milliners object to any suggested alteration only to save themselves trouble," she said, aside to Daisy. "Don't you think it would look best as I propose?"

"I hardly know," replied Daisy. "If we could see the alteration first, we might be able to judge."

But, to make the change, unless the bonnet was first bought, Madame Francois (her name, as it appeared on the door-plate,) absolutely refused. Of course she would alter it, if Madam insisted after purchasing the bonnet; but she must again express her opinion that it would spoil the style.

The discussion was carried on with animation, Madame's native tongue being decidedly English, in spite of her name. Mrs. Townley still urged her own opinion, but not very strenuously; for she felt rather doubtful, and would not have risked losing the "style" for the world.

"I will call my head milliner," said Madame at length. "Her taste is very superior. Mam'selle, go and ask Miss Bell to step here."

Mam'selle—a young person, evidently French—left her place behind the counter and went into another room. Every pulse in Daisy's body seemed to go tingling to her finger's ends when she came back with Rosaline. Quiet, self-contained, without putting forth the faintest hint of any glimpse of heart there might be within, Rosaline gave her opinion when the case was submitted to her. She took the bonnet in her hand, and kept it there for a minute or so, looking at it.

"I think, madame," she said to her mistress, "that if some grey flowers of a lighter shade were substituted for these, it would be perfect. Quite the opposite of what she felt but as to the side, it certainly ought not to be carried higher. It is the right height as it is."

"Then take it," and change the flowers at once, Miss Bell," said Madame, upon Mrs. Townley's signifying her assent to the suggestion. "The lady will wait.—Miss Bell's taste is always to be depended upon," added Madame, as Rosaline went away with the bonnet.

"How extremely good-looking she is!" exclaimed Mrs. Townley: who had never seen Rosaline before, and of course knew nothing about her. "Quite beautiful."

"Yes," assented Madame. "When I engaged her I intended her to be in this front room and wait on customers; for beauty has a great charm, I suppose, for the public. But Miss Bell refused, point blank, she had come to be in my work-room, she said, not to serve. Had I insisted, she would have left."

"Is she respectable?"

The question was interposed by Daisy. Swelling with all kinds of resentful and bitter feelings, she had allowed her tongue to get the better of her discretion. Except that the desk was left in the room. I dare say it was still there when the rest of you came away."

"Re-spect-able!" she echoed, with unnecessary deliberation. "I do not understand the term, madam."

Daisy flushed crimson. Mrs. Townley had also turned a surprised look upon her sister.

"Miss Bell is one of the best-conducted young persons I ever knew," pursued Madame. "Steady and quiet in manner always, as you saw her now. She is very superior indeed; quite a lady in her ways and manners. She came to me, I think, two years ago, she had a business of her own down in Cornwall. That is, her aunt had; and Miss Bell was with her."

"Those Raynors, you know, came into that Eagles' Nest property, and then had to turn out of it again," added Blase.

"Frank Raynor was not one to overlook anything that would bring peace to you or to me."

"Well, I should like my tea now," said Dame Bell. "And I'd have asked him to stay, Rose, but for your ungracious looks."

Rosaline busied herself in getting the tea, which they took nearly in silence. While putting the things away in the cupboard afterwards, Rosaline made some remark, which was not answered. Supposing her mother did not hear, she spoke again. Still there came no reply, and Rose looked round. Dame Bell was lying back on the sofa, apparently insensible.

"It was the pain, child," she breathed, when Rosaline had revived her, but she had not quite fainted; "the sharp, sudden pain here. I never had it, I think, as bad as that."

Like a ghost she was still, with a pinched look in her face. Rosaline was frightened. Without telling her mother, she wrote a hasty line to Frank, to ask if he would please to come round, twisted it up three-corner fashion, and sent it by the landlady's daughter.

The note arrived just as Frank Raynor and his wife were beginning to think of setting out for evening service. Frank chanced to have gone into a small back room near the kitchen, where he kept his store of drugs, and Daisy was alone when Sam came in, the note held between his fingers.

"For master, please, ma'am; and it is to be give to him directly."

With an impatient word—for Daisy knew what these hastily-written, unrealed missives generally meant, and she did not care to go to church at night alone—she untwisted it, and read the contents.

DEAR MR. RAYNOR.—If you could possibly come round this evening, I should be very much obliged to you. My mother has been taken suddenly worse, and I do not like her looks at all.

Very Truly Yours,
R. P.

"The shameless thing!" broke forth Mrs. Frank Raynor, in her rising passion. "She writes to him exactly as if she were his equal!"

Folding the paper in twists again, she threw it on the table, and went up stairs to put her bonnet on. If she did not take her long: when people are in these moods their fingers are apt to be as quick as their tempers. But Daisy was returning to the parlor as she went down.

"Oh," said he, opening the note and reading it, "then I can't go with you to-night, Daisy. I am called out."

"No matter."

"I will take you to the church door and leave you there," added he, pitching the note into the fire.

"Of course you could not stay the service with me and attend to your patient afterwards!" cried Daisy, not seeking to suppress the sarcasm in her tone.

"No, I cannot do that. It is Mrs. Bell I am called to."

"Oh! Of all people she must not be neglected."

"Right, Daisy. I would neglect the whole list of patients rather than Mrs. Bell."

He spoke on impulse, pained by her looks and tone. But, had he taken time for thought, he would not have avowed so much. The avowal meant nothing—at least, in the sense that Daisy gave to it. But for him, Francis Raynor, Mrs. Bell's husband might have been alive now. This fact, on his conscience, and rendered him doubly solicitous for the poor widow. To Frank it had always seemed that she, in a degree, had belonged to him since that fatal night.

But Daisy knew nothing of this; and the impression made upon her by the words was unfortunate, for she could only see matters through her own distorted view. It was for Rosaline's sake he was anxious for the night, reasoned her mind, and it had now come to the shameful pass that he hesitated not to declare it—to declare it to her, his wife! Perhaps, even, the woman and the wicked girl had resorted to that ruse that they might spend an evening together!

She kept her face, its flashing eyes, its burning cheeks, turned to the fire, lest he should see her agitation: she pressed her hands upon her chest, to still its labored breath. Frank was putting his overcoat on, for it was a cool night, and noticed nothing. Thus busy stacked Daisy refusing to take his arm, on the plea of holding up her dress; refusing to let him carry her prayer-book; giving no reply to the remark or two he made. The church bells were chiming, the stars twinkled brightly in the frosty sky.

Under the silence and gloom of the church walls, away from the lights inside and out, Frank stopped, and laid his hand upon his wife's.

"You are vexed, Daisy, because I cannot go to church; but when my patients really require me I must not and will not neglect them. For a long while now you have seemed to live in a state of perpetual discontent—of resentment against me. What the cause is, I know not. I do not give you any, so far as I am aware. If it is that you are dissatisfied with our present position—and I am not surprised that you should be so—I can only say how much for your sake I regret that I cannot alter it. But that is what I am not yet able to do; and to find it unjustly resented upon me is hard to bear. Let us, rather, try to hope for better days, and cheer on one another."

He wrung her hand with a sharp pressure, and turned away. The tone of his voice had been so loving and tender, and yet so full of pain, that Daisy found her eyes wet with sudden tears. She went into church. What with the bitter resentment against her husband, her own strong sense of misery, and this softened mood, life seemed very sad to her that night.

And as the service proceeded, and the sound of the pealing sweet chant chosen for the *Magnificat* fell on her ear and heart, the softened mood grew more softened. Daisy cried in her lonely pew. Hiding her face when she knelt, she let the tears rain down. It seemed to come over her of a possible future; of Frank's love restored to her as by some miracle; of Rosaline Bell and these wretched troubles done with, lost in the darkness of the past; of the world being fair for them again, she and her husband walking hand in hand in it, down the stream of time. Poor Daisy let her veil fall when she rose, that her swollen eyes should not be seen.

And the sermon soothed her too. The text soothed her. It was one that she especially loved: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Daisy thought it never had been so heavily laden before as she was; just as the lightly chastened are apt to think.

"If I can but be a little more pleasant with him, and have patience," said she to herself, "who knows but things will work around again."

But the heart of man is rebellious, as all the world knows; very especially rebellious is that of woman. The trouble to which Mrs. Frank Raynor was subjected might bear precious fruit in the future, but it was not affecting much good in the present. No sooner was she out of church, and the sound of the parson's impressive voice and of the sweet singing had faded away on her ear, than all the old rancor of spirit came rushing up to the surface again.

"I wonder if he is there still?" she thought. "Most likely. I wish I could find out!"

Instead of bending her steps homewards, she turned them towards Mark Street, and paced twice before the house that contained Dame Bell and her daughter. A light shone behind the white blind of the window, indicating the probability that the room had inmates; but Daisy could not see who they were. She turned towards home, and had nearly reached it when Frank came hastily out of the surgery, a bottle of medicine in his hand.

"Is it you, Daisy? I began to think you were late. I meant to come to the church and fetch you, but found I could not."

"Shall I walk with you?" asked Daisy, trying to commence the carrying-out of the good resolutions she had made in church, and perhaps somewhat mollified by his words. "It is a fine night."

For answer he took her hand, and placed it within his arm. Ah, never would there have been a better husband than Frank Raynor, if she had but met him kindly.

"Who is the medicine for?" asked Daisy.

"For Dame Bell. I am walking fast, Daisy, but she ought to have it without delay."

"Have you been with her all this time?"

"Yes. I was coming away when she had a kind of fainting fit, the second today; and it took more than half an hour to get her round."

"She is really ill, then?"

"Really ill!" echoed Frank in surprise. "Why, Daisy, she is dying. I do not mean dying to-night," he added; "nor likely to die immediately; but that while she is suffering from will gradually kill her. My uncle suspected from the first what it would turn out to be."

Daisy said no more, and the house was gained. As Frank rang the bell, she left his arm and went a few steps away; beyond sight of any one who might open the door, but not of hearing any conversation that might take place.

It was Rosaline who appeared. Frank put the bottle into her hand.

"I brought it round myself, Rosaline, that I might be sure to get it quickly. Has there been another fainting fit?"

"No, not another, Mr. Frank," replied Rosaline. "She is in bed now and seems very quiet."

"Well, give her a dose of this without delay."

"Very well, sir. I—I wish you would tell me the truth, *Mr. Frank*," she went on in a somewhat agitated voice.

"The truth of what?"

"Whether she is much worse? Dangerously so."

"No, I assure you she is not; not materially so, if you mean that. Of course—as you know—Rosaline, or I should not speak of it so you—she will get worse and worse with time."

"I do know it, sir, unfortunately."

"But this decay will be very gradual; neither sudden nor alarming. This evening's weakness seems to me to be quite exceptional. She must have been either exerting or exciting herself: I said so upstairs."

"True. It is excitement. But I did not like to say so before her. For the past few days she has been complaining that my father worries her," continued Rosaline, dropping her voice to a low key. "She says he seems to be in her mind night and day; asleep she dreams of him, awake she dwells on him. And oh, what a dreadful thing it all is!"

"Hush, Rosaline!" whispered Frank in the like cautious tone: and as Daisy's ears could not catch the conversation now, she of course thought the more. "The fancy will subside. At times, you know, she has had it before."

"Blase Pellet excites her. I know he does. Only the other day he said something or other to her."

"I wish Blase Pellet was transported!" cried Frank quickly. "But it—it cannot be helped, Rosaline. Give your mother half a wine-glass of this mixture at once."

"I am so much obliged to you for all, sir," she gently said, as he shook hands with her. "Oh, and I beg your pardon for asking another question," she added as he was turning away. "I have been thinking that I ought perhaps to leave my mother and stay at home with my mother. I always meant to do so when she grew worse. Do you see any necessity for it?"

"Not yet. Not for years to come you must do it: and perhaps it might be well that you should be at home to-morrow, though the people of the house are attentive to her. You may rely upon me to tell you when the necessity arises."

"Thank you, Mr. Frank. Good night."

"Good night, Rose."

Frank held out his arm to his wife. She took it, and they walked home together. But this time she was very chary indeed in saying any remark he made, and did not herself volunteer one. The interview she had just been a witness to had only served to augment the evil-disposed thaa filled the heart of Mrs. Frank Raynor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARM AND GARDEN.

WORMS IN HORSES.—The most effective treatment for the expulsion of worms from a horse is to give every morning on the first half a dram each of calomel and tartar emetic for four days; the fifth day give a pint of linseed oil. If all the worms are not expelled, repeat in a week.

CURE FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.—To one gallon of soft water add one table-spoonful of ginger, one of blood root, and one of allspice pulverized. Give twice a week as a preventive; as a cure give it once a day, and also a little salt and madder in their drinking water. A correspondent says the Post-office has tried this for two years without a failure.

HEADING OFF THE POTATO BUG.—It is recommended to plant only the early varieties of potatoes, and to plant them in the cucumber bestie. The greatest amount of damage is done by the first second crop of the insect, which hatches out late in summer, but early enough to destroy the tops of late growing sorts of potatoes. Should the first potatoes already gathered, they will not be able to mature the second crop before the following season, and thus are long the pests may be got rid of.

BARLEY.—Skillful management is required to succeed with this crop. Peculiar soils are required to produce a clear, thin skinned, bright colored grain, such as will bring the best price in market. A friable, clean, mellow, dry, limestone gravelly loam is the best kind of soil, but some lighter soils produce fine and rich, will produce good barley. The soil must be thoroughly worked and free from weeds. Barley should always be drilled, and the seed placed at even depth below the surface. There is no better crop with which to sow to clover.

CLOVER SEED may be sown upon the snow or when a light crust remains on the soil. One great advantage of sowing upon snow is, that every grain of seed is inside, as the seed can readily be seen, and the farmer can remain sure that a guide for the next breadth sown. The most trifling personnel makes gaps or misses. A good quantity of seed for each cast, is one pound in one hand between the first and second fingers and the thumb. Walking at an easy gait, this will use up about 3 quarts of seed per acre. If the wind is blowing, walk so that it blows across the path, the effect is more equal both going and returning, but it is not so if it blows first on the fence and then on the back.

LIGHT AT HOME.—Somebody says considering the high price of kerosene, we ought to use candles. Well, perhaps we ought, and so far as I am concerned I am willing to mould three or four dozen to use at evening, when looking for the nicest apples in the barrein down cellar, or for the children's light when cracking nuts or popping corn; but to depend on candles altogether is burning too much (of me, at least). Many a farmer's daughter leaves home at nightfall for the village store or lavern, simply because it is gloomy at home and bright elsewhere; and to cut the wee one's fashions out, candy does one-half, and when evening comes, to have the big table in the middle of the floor, with plenty of books and papers, and a good bright light in a pretty lamp. I venture to say, it will cost less, whether you know it or not, than to sit in semi-darkness with a tallow candle; for if the "good man" and boys get to the village, they will be quite likely to invest a little money in cigars, candies, or maybe a glass or two of beer—whereas, if it was cozy and cheerful at home, they would be satisfied to remain there, which would be a positive advantage to both morals and pockets. So let us have both candles and kerosene, but do not let the long evenings be made gloomy for the sake of economy in so small a matter.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE DAMAGE FUND.

BY REV. JACOB ABBOTT.

Prince Rupert was not more careful than many other boys, and many things were broken by his want of caution. His father desiring to teach him a good practical lesson, offered to allow him ten cents per week extra pocket money, provided he would pay for losses and damages he might occasion.

Prince readily agreed to this and under his mother's direction wrote out the following agreement in regard to the Damage Fund:

Agreed, between Prince and his mother, that, in consideration of receiving ten cents extra every week for this purpose, Prince is to pay for all losses or damage that may be caused through his voluntary action. Agreement for only one month.

They showed this agreement to Judge Rupert,—for Prince's father was at this time a Judge,—and he said that it was all right.

But he said he thought he himself ought to furnish a little capital, to start the plan properly. "Insurance companies," he said, "always need some capital to start with."

"Is this an insurance company?" asked Prince.

"A kind of an insurance company," said the judge; "or at least it is somewhat of the same nature." So Prince's father paid Prince a dollar, and Prince put it in his box.

"Now if the damage you do is more than this money will repair," said the father, "you will have to make it up out of your own money."

"And suppose it takes more than that?" asked Prince.

"Then the company will fail," said the judge, "and the whole plan will come to nothing."

So the arrangement was all made, and the next day, when Prince and his sister Josie were out at play in the garden, Josie said to Prince, looking up to him in a very bright and animated manner:

"Prince, I have got a very nice idea for you about your Damage Fund."

"What idea is it?" asked Prince.

"Why, for you to be very careful indeed, and not to do any damage," said Josie; "and then you will have all the money for your own."

"That's just what I mean to do," said Prince.

"Because it is so very easy to be careful," said Josie. "It is only *not doing* the things that make the damage. Only just *not doing*. It is very easy not to do."

"Yes," said Prince, "that's the way I mean to manage."

But Prince did not find it very easy, after all, to keep himself from doing any damage at all. He met with a great many accidents in one way or another. After they had happened, he could see, it was true, how he might have avoided them if he had thought in time. One day, for instance, he was playing in the garden with a small go-cart which his father had bought for the two children to play with. Josie used to get into the cart, and Prince would draw her around the garden walks, and once when he was racing very fast he turned a corner so swiftly that the whirling force with which they turned upset the cart, threw Josie out, and the cart was broken down.

"Ah me!" exclaimed Prince. "There's our cart now,—all broken to pieces." Josie seemed to pay no attention to the cart but began to cry as if she was considerably hurt.

Prince took her up and began to soothe and comfort her. He brushed her clothes, and when she became a little composed he took the wheel which had come off, and seemed much broken, and put it into the cart, and then the two children went to the house dragging the broken cart after them.

They put the cart into the shed and then went into the house, and Josie, on seeing her mother, began to cry afresh. But her mother soon comforted her again, on finding that there was no harm done to her except that her clothes were somewhat tumbled; and when at length Josie was entirely comforted and both seemed to have pretty well recovered from the accident, their mother inquired how it happened, and Prince stated the case.

"And was there any harm done to the cart?" said Mrs. Rupert.

"Oh yes, mamma, said Prince, "the little cart was broken almost all to pieces."

"Then I suppose there will be some damage to pay out of the Damage Fund," said his mother.

Prince looked somewhat sober at this suggestion.

"No, mamma," he said at length, though speaking somewhat doubtfully, as if he did not feel quite sure. "I don't think I shall have to pay for this, for it was *my* cart. Papa gave it to me."

"To us," suggested Josie.

"Well, to us," repeated Prince. "People don't have to pay damages for their own things."

"It will be a case for the judge," said Mrs. Rupert. "We will refer it to him when he comes home."

So that evening when Judge Rupert came home, they stated the case to him. Prince said he understood that it was damage to some of his mamma's things, only, that he was to pay for out of his Damage Fund.

"It is very natural that you should have supposed so," said his father, "but there was an agreement in writing the question is not what one *supposed* but what the writing says. Let us see the writing."

So Mrs. Rupert produced the writing, and the judge read it, and in reading it he emphasized the words: "Prince is to pay for all losses of damages that may be caused by his voluntary action."

"It does not say to whom," he continued, "but all that may be caused. I think you ought to pay whatever it costs to repair this damage."

Prince reflected a moment on this view of the case; he could not deny that it was just, in the main. But he added:

"Well, it is only Josie's part that I must pay out of the Damage Fund, for the cart belongs partly to me."

The judge assented to this, but said it would make no difference. Prince could pay half the cost for Josie out of the Damage Fund, and his half out of his own money or out of the fund, whichever he preferred.

Josie said she did not wish Prince to pay anything for her, for it happened while he was giving her a ride; but Prince said he would rather do it, since it was in the agreement.

He found, however, in the end, on looking into the case, that the damage was much less than he feared; for the next morning he put the ruins of the cart into his little wheelbarrow and he and Josie went with it to the carpenter on looking at it said that this could very easily be done. A linch-pin had dropped out and also the tire of the wheel had come off,—that was all. The carpenter made a new linch-pin from a bit of stout wire, and put the tire on again and fastened it with three small nails. He also put three new nails into the other tire, and charged only ten cents for the whole. So Prince escaped with a very small diminution of his Damage Fund.

Then Prince and Josie went back home with the cart all repaired and made as good as new. Josie drew the cart, and Prince wheeled back the wheelbarrow. He was greatly pleased to find that his Damage Fund had escaped with so small a loss, and was still more pleased to think that he had shown a disposition to fulfil his agreement honorably.

After this Prince went on very successfully with his Damage Fund plan for a long time, and though he met with some losses, on the whole he saved a good deal of the fund to increase his store of pocket money. He learned by means of it to form a good practical idea of the cost and trouble which accidents by carelessness occasion in a family, and the judge found that the ten cents a week which he paid to help sustain it was an excellent investment.—*Christian Union.*

CORAL REEFS, AND CORAL ISLANDS.

Of all the wonders of the ocean, none are more wonderful than polyps, and the structures which these curious animals have produced. Polyps have a sack-like body, with a mouth at the top surrounded with one or more rows of fringes or tentacles. They are attached to rocks and shells, and in some cases live singly and in others in communities whose numbers are almost beyond our comprehension. They vary in size from extreme minuteness, to those which are a foot in diameter. Some kinds, as specimens, are wholly soft and others secrete a solid framework called coral. Some people think coral is made by an insect, and the industry of the insect is often spoken of. But it is not made by an insect, and the animals which secrete it exhibit no industry. Coral is not something which is built, but is a thing which grows. It is simply the skeleton or many united skeletons of polyps. When the polype die and disappear, we see the solid coral itself. Polyps grow in the most various and beautiful forms, imitating almost all forms of vegetation, as lichens, fungi, mosses, ferns, bushes, shrubs, and trees. Formerly they were regarded as plants. Their colors are as remarkable as their forms, and some polyp communities equal, in the beauty and variety of their colors, the most beautiful flower-gardens of the land. Hundreds of reefs and islands are made of coral. These reefs and islands are most abundant in the Pacific and Indian oceans, but the islands which skirt the coast of Florida are also of coral formation. Coral reefs stretch near New Caledonia for the distance of 400 miles, and along the coast of Australia for 1,000 miles. When a reef of coral skirts the shore, it is called a Fringing Reef; when it is at a distance from the shore, a Barrier Reef, and when it surrounds a body of water, a Coral Island. All these are the same thing under different phases of progress. Only about an inch of the top of a growing coral mass or reef is alive, all the rest within is dead, and lies on or below or fast as growth above. When the reef reaches the surface of the water the polyps die. The winds and waves then take up the work, and at last the island is covered with vegetation and becomes the home of man. Coral reefs are found far inland. There is a vast reef near the Falls of the Ohio. Coral reefs have essentially the same composition as marble, and it is believed by geologists that our limestones are made out of the skeletons of polyps and the shells of other animals of the sea. And if this be true—which there is no doubt about it—many of the rocks which underlie vast countries, the marble temples of the East, the marble monuments and public buildings of our own country, the mortar on the walls and ceilings of our dwellings, and the marble tables and mantels so highly prized have all come from the skeletons of these low animals of the sea. Nay, it is not too much to say that their skeletons have built the Parthenon, and furnished every block of marble which the sculptor has chiselled, and thus they are connected with the highest departs. ents of culture and art, in which the mind and hand of man engage.

TAKING OFF THE SHOES.

In Syria (says a traveler) the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem house the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor, so that it would not be decent or respectful to wear the dirty shoes of the street and spoil the tidy on which they kneel to pray. They have no mat or scrapers, and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is a sad sight to go to Syrian schoolhouses, and see the piles of boots and shoes at the door. They are new bright red shoes, and old tattered kob-kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, and down they go on their noses, and the kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the streets, and little All or Usef or Whatever his name is, he begins to shout, "Ya immie!—Oh, my mother?"—and cries out just like children in other countries.

But the funniest part of it is to see the boys when they come out of school, and try to find their shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When the school is out the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and tarboosbes thrown off, and a great screaming follows, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Asa," or a stick, and quells the riot.

That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many schoolboy-fights and bruised noses and hard feelings in Syria. You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes. So do I. And the boys often do wear off each other's shoes by mistake, or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running by one and one and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father, grandfather, and all his family, until he receives back his lost property.

JOY.—The greatest joy is joy dispensed.

ANCIENT GREEK HABITS.

In general the Greeks in all ages were distinguished by great moderation, which far other nations became a subject of mockery. The further back our researches extend into the life of ancient Greeks, the deeper we go into antiquity, the simpler appear to us their meals, the more remarkable their temperance.

Never did the Greeks give themselves up to those coarse revelries which excite our astonishment and disgust in other nations; never had their feasts any of the monstrous characteristics of the Roman feasts. Therefore it is easy to see why the Greeks attained that intellectual development which at every period of their history we admire. It is only temperance which enables man to achieve the highest culture; while gluttony, drunkenness, and luxury make him stupid and condemn him to spiritual slavery. By the dwellers in ancient Hellas, vegetal aliments were consumed in greater quantities than animal, and both kinds of aliments were prepared in the simplest fashion.

In the age of Homer the most luxurious table, even those of kings, consisted of nothing but bread and the flesh of oxen, goats, sheep, and swine—always as it appears, cooked in the same manner. Though in the course of time the meals of the ancient Greeks lost much of their simplicity yet even after the time of Herodotus they never included those peculiar dainties and those luxurious desserts which we observe among the more gluttonous nations of antiquity

Some of the Hellenic races displayed a certain luxuriousness in their repasts, but the simplest food was eaten by the great majority of the Greeks; and even those of the Greeks who were fondest of good living, such as the Bœotians, were never the rivals in this respect of the later Romans. The Athenians were the most intemperate, and in relation to food the simplest of all the Greeks.

In regard to articles of food, we have to say that bread in ancient Greece was made of wheat meal or barley meal, and had the form of cake-like plates. It constituted the basis of all the meals, and was not merely eaten, but was converted, so far as its crust or soft crumb consisted, into a spoon. These bread rinds, when they had fulfilled their service as spoons, were as a rule not eaten, but thrown under the table and snapped up by the dogs.

Among fruits, the ancient Greeks made use of olives, citrons, figs, pomegranates, apples, pears, cherries, melons, cucumbers; further more of various kinds of pulse, and numerous species of herbs, namely purslane cabbage, mallows, radishes, leeks, and onions; finally, of the grapes, with which wine was made. Of animal aliments they consumed the parts usually indicated, especially the flesh of swine—the dorsal muscle of swine being a favorite morsel; likewise the flesh of hares; lastly butter, cheese, and milk. Salt was obtained by damming up sea-water. The preparation of the food was entrusted to women.

The Greeks took three meals daily, breakfast, dinner and supper—*ariston, deipnon,* and *dorpon*—of which the first was the simplest. It consisted of bread, which they dipped in wine. The last was the principal meal, and was generally taken after sunset. Besides the ordinary repasts of private persons, there were also public banquets of the people. The occasion of public banquets were almost the same as in modern times; but on such occasions far less extravagance was displayed.

The Greeks of a remote period sat at meals; those of a more recent period lay on cushions, a custom which came to the Greeks from the Persian nations. At the commencement of a meal the Greeks took off their sandals, washed their feet, placed themselves on the cushions, washed their hands, and then began to eat. When the eating was ended they again washed their hands. During the eating they were not in the habit of drinking anything. Not till the eating was ended, and the second washing of the hands had taken place, was mixed wine presented in shallow drinking cups. Water and wine and wine and milk were the only beverages of the Greeks; palm wine they despised as the drink of barbarians. The two sexes sat apart from each other at meals. Excellent accounts of everything connected with the food of the Greeks have been given by Wachsmuth, Kruse, and others.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE

In December, 1845, in the Department of the Vosges, Xavier Thirial, a boy of ten, accompanied four young girls of about the same age to the church. They had to cross a brook, over which was placed a single loose plank. The boy crossed safely, the first girl who attempted it, fell in. The boy jumped in, pulled her out, and then walking in the water, guided each of the girls across. Some time was lost by this, and the party reached church late. Xavier, ashamed of being late, did not go to church, but kept behind. He reached home chilled, a dangerous disease followed, by which he was left a complete cripple for life; his only mode of moving about was on hands and knees, so completely was the spinal column injured. On coming of very poor people, there was every prospect that Thirial would be a heavy charge to his family and a wretched burden to himself; but this was not to be. He reached manhood bright, cheerful and intelligent. Reading all the books which he could lay hold of, he was soon the best educated man in his district, and rapidly acquired extensive information on all subjects fitted for good. He induced the young people to read and to study. Some contributions to the local newspaper, the *Echo des Vosges,* attracted attention and made him known, the result of which was that further intellectual opportunities were extended to him. He made himself a good botanist, meteorologist and geologist, fond of music, and of drawing and painting, and procured the foundation of several local libraries. He could not, however, be satisfied without achieving his complete independence and earning his support. He obtained the appointment of manager of the telegraph at a neighboring town, was made Secretary to the Mayor, became a favorite correspondent of several agricultural papers, and received the highest reward of the French "Franklin Society" —its gold medal.

All this was accomplished by native force of character and strong religious feeling, under circumstances not merely adverse, but at first absolutely hopeless. A horrible deformity, intense suffering, absence of instruction, crushing poverty—all these disabilities were overcome unaided, and this deformed and crippled lad made himself the light, intellectual and moral, of his whole district.

BEAUTIFUL LIVES have grown up from the darkest places, as pure white lilies, full of fragrance, have blossomed on slimy, stagnant waters.

BE CONFIDENT.—When a man shows by the changefulness of his plans that he has no confidence in himself, he must not complain if his friends loose confidence in him

HERE AND THERE.

THE new form of cattle plague—from a butcher's point of view—American beef.—*Punch.*

THERE is a young lady in this city so "high church" that she has fish-hooks and eyes on her dresses during Lent.

"I LIVE by my pen," said a poet, wishing to impress a young lady. "You look as if you lived on it," was the reply.

JACK.—"Now, I'll be papa, going in for the romance." Sallie.—"Oh, yes, and I'll be the new nurse, and you must kiss me behind the cellar-door!"

THAT was a good prayer which the old-fashioned Methodist minister uttered: "Oh, Lord, start us right, because if we get started wrong we are hard to turn."

TOLEDO people are proverbially economical. A man was died in that city the other day left word that his dear pizzle should be taken off and do duty as his coffin-plate.

AT the restaurant the guest called the waiter to him and remarked, "This mock-turtle soup sauce would be most palatable, but for a slight mistake. The age is in the goose and not in the wine.

UNDER the plausible pretext of "Women's Rights," a New York lady is training a number of her sex for the lion tamer business. This horrible announcement is made by a female correspondent with diabolical delight.

A STARVING Chinaman, who was taken to the Chestnutt Hospital, a few days ago for resuscitation, attributed his weenie plight to the fact that he started a laughing school in Danville. He sums up his experience in a single line: "Knickerbocker—no laugh—starve." DIRECTIONS—FAIR FROM HEATHEN CAUSE CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if sudden Colds, Indigestion, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Rheumatism, Sore Chest, Neuralgia, Pains in the Head, Stomach Ache, Lame Limbs, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Nausea, Vomiting, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Diarrhœa, or with Bowel Complaints, Piles, Backache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Hysterics, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Morbus, or Dromatory, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, Pains in the Limbs, or with Cramp in the Stomach, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of those complaints in a few hours.

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R. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON, For the cure of weak stomach, general debility, indigestion, disease of the kidneys, and all diseases originating in a disordered state of the stomach, and all cases requiring a tonic.

The wine includes the most agreeable and efficient salt of iron ever discovered, viz., the Citrate of Iron, combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics —Yellow Peruvian Bark.

The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite and general prostration, of a diffused half of iron combined with valuable Nerve tonic, is most happy. It augments the appetite, relieves the pains, takes of muscular flabbiness, removes the pallor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to relish your food? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of nervousness? Do you want sound sleep? Do you want to be well? Do you want brisk and vigorous feelings? If you do, try Kunkel's Wine of Iron.

This truly valuable tonic has been thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, and is now become indispensable as a Tonic medicine. In each and all complaints, where a tonic is required, it is unrivaled. Strengthens the system and recharges the blood.

I now call up all your pitiable pride. Price $1 per bottle. R. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, Baltimore, Md. Ask your druggist for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other make. Sold at $1 a bottle. All orders are masterfull, as be-ware of these.

Buy only Bottles for $5.00

Worms Removed Alive.

R. F. Kunkel's worm syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat and Stomach worms. Dr. Kunkel is the only successful Physician in this country for the removal of worms. He removes Tape worm with head and all complete, alive in two hours, and no one ill removed. Send for circular, or call on your Druggist, and get a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup Price $1.00. It never fails.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We will insert an advertisement like the above one month in seventy-two hundred American newspapers, dailies and weeklies, for $1,800. CASH. SEND FOR A CATALOGUE OF THE PAPERS TO GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 41 Park Row, New York

TO ADVERTISERS

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND RELIEVE MORE PAIN THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF ANY OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASES TO EXIST.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULAS, ULCERS, CHRONIC SYPHILIS, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR, CLEARS SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

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DRY GOODS BUSINESS

AT THE GRAND DEPOT

WILL TAKE PLACE

MONDAY, March 12th,

FROM 9 TO 5 O'CLOCK.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Thirteenth street and New City Hall.

VALUABLE SOUTHERN REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. With a view to removing further South I am disposing of my plantation, situated on the W. C. & A. R. R., forty miles west of Wilmington, N. C., in Columbus County, containing 900 acres of land. Part of which is cleared and in good condition for cultivation. There is on the place two dwelling-houses, and such other buildings as are necessary for conducting a farm. Turpentine Distillery, Tenant Stables, and all necessary improvements. The land is well adapted to the growth of corn, potatoes, rice, cotton, and to rais ng stock, and will be sold in whole or in Truck farm in the South. Easement well of water and a good farmers' orchard of fruit trees.

SAMUEL B. JENNINGS,
WCA R. R. Office, Wilmington, N. C.

For a more minute description call on or address DAVID FAIRTHORNE,
(formerly of Philadelphia.)
Wilmington, N. C.

A GREAT OFFER!! We will during the month of March, sell these Hard Times diapers of 100 PAGES & OVER, 1000 new and copyrighted of Stretcher makers including WATERPROOF at lower prices for cash or taxable notes or to agents than any other house has before offered. WATERS' GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS, Unequaled for Quality. THEIR NEW SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS are the BEST MADE. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. A liberal discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, and the trade. Second-hand Pianos. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East 14th st., Union square, N. Y.

TESTIMONIALS.

The New York "Times" says: "Messrs. Brother-hood Cheap Music Co., 6 Beekman street, have published for a modest price, and in a marvel in the way of beautiful typography, a collection of the universally popular songs of the day, which they have been publishing in the sheet form. The volume of two and one-half octavo folio, and the artistic style of printing and binding produced by the player are exquisitely fine."

The tone is full, clear, and resonant, and I very respectfully offer it produced with the chime of bells.—Christian Union.

The Waters' Pianos are well known among the very best. We can unhesitatingly recommend them to purchasers with confidence, from personal knowledge.—The Independent.

We can speak of the merits of the Waters' Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best class of instruments.—Christian Advocate.

AYER & SON'S MANUAL For Advertisers is now ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. It contains a complete list of the best Newspapers and Class Journals; a catalogue of Religious Newspapers; a list of Newspapers printed in German; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Colleges; a list of Agricultural Newspapers; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Secret Societies; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Medical Institutions; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Commercial Travelers; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Insurance Companies; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Manufacturers; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Temperance; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Women; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Mechanics; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Real Estate; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Lumbermen; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Miners; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Fishermen; a list of Newspapers printed in the interest of Sportsmen; 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THE FASHIONS.

"Spring, gentle spring," has come at last, ushered in with all the mildness of May, instead of blustering, roaring March.

Pretty costumes abound, but wider hats are still worn. Easter will bring out the charming head coverings. Bonnets, merging into cream-colored buntmanas fill the streets—one is weary of seeing the latter. There is such a pretty style for pokeies exhibited among the imported wraps, that we cannot refrain from a description of it. It is of black cashmere or silk, and fits into the figure in the back, falling loosely in the front. The sleeves are long, square at the ends and open from the elbow down. A long-pointed *basquine* band is set on at the back. Rows of ribbon three inches wide trim it, at the bottom the bands are two long ends. Similar bows close the front, and two are placed on the outer seam of each sleeve. Two pockets are placed on each side of the shirt of this sacque far back under the arm seye. A deep fringe of *chenille* and twist silk edges the bottom of it. The sleeves are silk lined.

BRESPANT CAPS

are much worn by married ladies—no matter how young. This is following the English custom, as, indeed, we do now in many ways. There are quite a number of pretty patterns in vogue for the cape, three of which we select as models. One called the "Asaleenne" is made of sheer white organdie—cut has a round, high crown to a puff. A short frill to proceed organdy, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, surrounds it. A wide, black ribbon or dark blue is passed around the crown and tied to front in a large double bow with ends. The next is called "La Violette." It is also composed of fine muslin or organdy, and has an oval crown, formed by five pleats of the muslin. The pleats stand up a little, so as not to give a flat top to the head. A full of muslin seemingly a continuation of these pleats falls over the back of the neck. An inch wide lace edges the fall. A wreath of pale violets surrounds the crown, and a spray falls over the pleen behind. The other is called the "Charlotte." It has a high puffed crown edged with lace and surrounded the ribbon of two colors, pale buff and plum color being used in the model shown. Long ends fell over the neck, reaching to the waist at the back. The frill of lace had a pointed or Marie Stuart front, and was very becoming. A variety of this same shape was shown, all having the round, high puffed crown and frill of lace or muslin. Some had no ribbon around the crown, only a double ruche of lace, some had simply one color of ribbon and a bow at the side in long ends as in the first described.

THE HAIR

is dressed in many instances especially in the case of quite young girls, with great simplicity. From six to fourteen it is worn either waved or flowing, or else in two thick plaits behind, tied with ribbon.

The front hair is loose crimped and worn in a "bang," low down on the forehead. For young ladies just entering society, finger puffs, with a roll or braid across the top of the head at the parting from which are two drooping braids, one or two thick curls are worn. The front hair is parted in the middle of the forehead, is low and waved on each side, a few slight tendrils forming a "bang" upon the brow. If, on the other hand, the forehead is high, the hair is parted on the side, waved loosely, a wave brought low down on the forehead. Finger puffs on the top of the head or a braided coronet. A fancifully carved comb is stuck in at one side.

For a Grecian style of coiffeneture, the hair is parted, waved, brought low on the brow, drawn back and caught in hanging coils or braids held at the top by a comb or "band."

COLLARS AND ENDS.

Dainty little fichus of *crepe de chine* are much worn, having the ends embroidered.

Silk and fine thread stockings are very elaborately embroidered on the upper part.

Black cashmere silks are more worn than any other kind.

A new style of *canezon*, or pelerine with loose hanging sleeves, is likely to supersede the Dolman.

Cardinal red umbrellas are said to be worn in Paris.

Much embroidery is now fashionable upon pokeskies, over sacques, etc.

Boots with a seam down the centre are preferred to the old fashioned way of having side seams.

Spring hats have high crowns.

Cream tinted grenadine veils with a thread of scarlet or black in the edge are said to be much worn.

Close clinging skirts and absence of fournure are noticeable facts in Parisian fashions.

Two thicks braids or two heavy curls tied with an inch and a half wide ribbon, and surmounted at the back of the head with a roll or braid are pretty styles for coiffure for young girls.

Grown opening at the side are the newest. They are said not to split.

New neckties for wool of Cheviliead loosely twisted silk, interwoven in a knotted pattern, are shown. They are about two and a half inches wide.

Fine gauze ribbons embroidered in sprays and leaves of many colors are among the novelties, and recall the empriebbon of our grandmama's days.

Made colored lawns are largely mingled with the goods imported for the Spring trade.

Short lace scarfs are considered more stylish than the long ones.

Gauze ribbons trimmed to simulate overskirts, with folds, knife pleating, etc., are being extensively made up.

Turquoise and garnet jewelry are much worn.

Bashes for little girls are tied in many instances just like brothers are in Scotch dress.

Diamonds should not be worn on the street.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Hunter and Cadbalay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

A pretty receptacle for napkins can be made as follows: Take a piece of silver perforated board, eight inches long, and about seven wide. A half ounce of pale green split zephyr wool, a small quantity of curled hair, a set of medium sized knitting needles. Knit in plain stitch a strip of eight inches from the side, with four split zephyr. When done bring the long sides together and close by overstitch or knitting. Knit a round piece at one end closing third end of the roll and giving a sort of bolster shape or oblong form to the roll. Lay the curled hair in a roll inside the knitted strip, and close up the other end in a manner similar to the end just described. Knit successive rows of "moss" stitch on the round corners, completely covering them. Now take the strip of perforated board and cover for the ring the ends covered with moss-stitch. Cover the perforated board with cross stitching in the green zephyr. Make a cord and at each end attach a small ball made by working over a piece of card board, cut round, about the size of a five cent nickel piece, and having a hole in the centre. Work over the round until the hole is filled to fasten by passing a thread under the stitches and around the centre, drawing it tightly. Cut the stitches open with a sharp scissors and removing the card board from all straggling ends until a shapely ball is formed. Tie this end and ball around the centre of the ring and by tying a real bow and ends, hang the prize to be won over wall, or on the side of your dressing glass. Any color may be substituted for green, as fancy may indicate.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. L. C. Reed (Austin, Texas).—We cannot tell you what the address of the firm is—that being against our rule. 2. The hair can be bleached but it is said to greatly injure it. 3. The blue ink had better be dyed a darker blue. It will take that color better.

Miss L. J., Warren Co., Ala.).—Attended to your commission.

Miss M. A. McK.—Answered your letter giving information, etc. desired.

Alice B.—The stitch called "moss-stitch" is formed by throwing three or four threads around the finger, and knitting them to, instead of throwing one. NIPON.

WHEN WHEAT IS GREEN.

When wheat is green in furrowed fields,
And forest lanes are lined with leaves,
And passion-vine pleading yields,
And every matchless maiden grieves
For lack of love—as such a time
My pleasure will be in its prime

The clouds that keep away the sun,
And cover up the moon at night,
Before the strong March winds will run,
And leave the heaven blue and bright;
The sun will shine upon the seed,
The moon will light the weed for me

And then, ah, then! O dearest days!
Laburnum branches, thick with bloom
Will throw their gold on garden ways,
And kiss the windows of my room.
And then the day! How will it be
To live in such felicity

My brow with blossoms will be bound,
And from my tears I shall be free;
O lately Time, bring quickly round
The merriest month of all for me!
That I may range in the church boys sing
And on my finger see the ring

A MAN'S CONFESSION.

A ROMANCE OF A NEW YORK STEAMBOAT.

"Just hand this lady on board, captain. Oh! is it you, Arthur? So much the better. I will be back in a moment."

I suddenly found myself in this way with a lady on my arm whom I had never seen before, and whose name, even, was unknown to me. On my hands I might better have said; for Grayson, my executive and somewhat absent-minded friend, disappeared among the crowd on the wharf, in pursuit of a parcel left a quarter of a mile off, in the railway carriage he had lately occupied.

The third bell rang; the Eclipse moved from her berth, and was out in the stream. Grayson recovered his parcel, but lost his passage. I was the sole legatee of his carpet-bag, two trunks, and a strange young lady.

I had remarked her on the wharf before I saw she was under Grayson's charge. For, having no female belongings of my own, and not even a sister, I was much given in those days to an admiration of pretty faces or a neat figure. I had noticed, then, a tall, rather slight figure, in a grayish traveling dress. She was very neatly gloved, and a clean, white collar setting off her throat, fastened only by a brooch.

"I am very sorry," said the pleasant voice of the unknown, fairly realizing that no flying leap could restore her original protector.

"Oh, don't mention it; it is the greatest pleasure."

"For Mr. Grayson," pursued my companion, "I know he has an important engagement, and, besides, I might as well face my own unpleasant position at once. I had just given him my purse to get my ticket, and am without a dollar."

I felt so sorry for her; her face, flushing just a little as she spoke, showed how extremely embarrassing she felt her position to be.

"Do not give it a thought," I said, instantly. "Is this your baggage—these trunks? Are you going on to Boston?"

She bowed in assent. I was in hopes the trunks would assist me to her name. But, no, they were only initials. I was obliged to ask it before procuring her ticket with my own. There was a great whizzing of steam just as she replied, which confused me. I did not catch it. But how awkward to ask it over again! It sounded something like Green. I would try.

"If Miss Green will wait in the ladies' saloon."

A little smile flitted over her face, but she did not disclaim it. I congratulated myself on my clever "guess" as I walked towards the captain's office.

When I returned to her, she was reading quietly, as if tacitly to release me from any personal attendance, if I felt so disposed. But at the risk of appearing impolitic, I asked her if she would go on deck, and said something about the sun set.

We resumed our promenade after supper. The evening was warm; the cabin close and vocal with noisy children; besides, the summons to table had interrupted a most interesting conversation.

Miss Frankforce, which I so much admired gave an ease to her manner and dis course which I had never before seen in a young lady.

I felt under infinite obligation to Grayson for being left, when I retired for the night. I usually I had slept quite as well on a steamboat as at home; but I came to the conclusion that that coffee must have been very strong, as I turned about in the comfortable berth for the fortieth time since retiring, and still seemed to feel the light pressure of a gloved hand upon my arm. I felt very greatful towards the chambermaid who came before daylight to tell me that the lady in No. 62 was ready to land.

We were old friends when we met in the misty, gray light, and her morning salutation, given me with a smile, made me feel very much at home. I carried her reticule to the train, and established myself on the same seat, quite as a matter of course.

I hoped that the course of conversation would develop her father's name and residence, or allude to a brother I might possibly have met.

"Might I ask if young Mr. Appleton Green, who was at Newport last year, in August, was one of your family?"

She had a right to ask tacitly at my manœuvre. It was a self-evident. But, "Mr. Appleton Green was not a connection."

"There was Mr. Thomas Green, then," I said, resolved to hazard any favor I might have found in her sight by apparent undue curiosity, rather than lose all trace of her when we parted.

She smiled again, so she was not offended; but I was in fault there too. She had never so much as heard of my traveling acquaintance, nor did she know of his position, or any amount of useful knowledge; and I began to fear that our acquaintance must end as abruptly as it began, for I knew that she expected some one to take charge of her on her arrival.

It was a middle aged, benevolent-looking person, and might have been her father; but he was not, for she introduced him as Mr. Gordon, and, when I had the inexpressible delight of receiving the coveted invitation to call at Highland Cottage, Rosary, I had not even received the invitation. He called her Mary, I noticed, and was in far too much of a hurry about baggage and getting away from the station, to make any sentimental relationship to her.

If I had not been limited in my stay, my call would have been altogether too soon for etiquette; but I was a stranger in Boston, with nothing to do after the few hours' sight seeing was exhausted; and so I found my way to Highland Cottage on the following afternoon. It was a very pretty little place, taking its name from Roxbury Highlands, on which it was situated.

There was no drawback to the pleasure of my reception. She met me herself at the door, was evidently glad to see me, and there was no one in the little parlor to intrude on our *tete-a-tete*. I could not help glancing at the door uneasily now and then expecting momentarily the advent of mamma or elder sister. But no one came. I felt I was making an unreasonably long call, and rose to take leave. Just then, a pretty child, her curls all in a tangle, and her dress all awry, came hanging on her shoulders by its green ribbon strings, came, heated and breathless, up the garden walk.

"Oh, my darling, what a race! How could you run so fast?" said the young lady.

"Evidently her youngest sister," I said to myself, remarking the likeness between the two.

I had just said something about calling to say good-bye the next day, as, on the following day, I was to return to New York.

"But mamma!"

How I started! I am sure it was visible; but I felt my face flaming and hot like the child's; and my heart turned over with a shocking, suffocating pressure that almost took away my breath.

How could she look up so quietly the next moment, and say, as if in explanation, "I was going to explain your slight mistake. It is Mrs. Dean, not Miss Green, who owes you her thanks for your kindly escort."

I only bowed and walked away. I would not trust myself to speak. I could not tell what to think of her or myself. It is true, I could recall nothing that savored of coquetry, or encouragement in the slightest degree. As I went heedlessly on my way, in my abstraction I suddenly encountered some one going in the opposite direction. In fact, it was more than an encounter—much nearer a collision. Both the parties felt the necessity of an apology.

It was Mr. Gordon. He remembered me, and evidently guessed my errand in the neighborhood.

"Lovely little woman, Mrs. Dean," he said, nodding in the direction of the cottage. "Poor boy her long? Before her husband's death?"

An instant before, I had wished Mr. Gordon on any road he pleased, so that it was not that; now, I thankfully felt constrained to offer him the pleasure of my society for a short space.

"How any man could neglect such a pretty young creature, and so orphan, too, as he did, is past my comprehension. No one ever knew it from her, though; no, bless your soul! She never talked about her own affairs, even to me, and by its force, from the nearest relation she's got in the world—or my wife is, and that's all the same thing. Now I'll be bound she's had many a good offer before; but, you see, she's a rich heiress in her own right, and I wonder she doesn't marry; though, to be sure, her first experience was not very encouraging."

Very, indeed, we bade each other good-bye, and parted.

Now, if there was one class of persons above another which I had always avoided, it was widows. Nevertheless, Mary Dean was the first woman I had ever met who had set me seriously to wishing for a home. Passing fancies I had had my share of; transient infatuations incited by a pretty face or a dashing manner; but this was such a tranquil, dreamy phase of interest before the rude shock which had quickened the latent passion into life, that was the more dangerous.

How happy was I when, at length, she promised to be my wife, and give me that home, rest, and peace, for which I yearned unceasingly. Whatever of lightness or flippancy there had been in my nature, gradually passed away. My life deepened, and was made coherent by her noble companionship. I accepted the trust of rearing her child with all a father's watchfulness, and I decried myself into the belief that I loved the bright little creature as she, Mary, desired me to do.

But I forced myself, at last, to define a certain unrest that crept over me when I thought my earthly happiness was as perfected. It was not jealousy of the dead; for, accepting the existence of wrong and sorrows in her early married life from my chance information, it had since been silently confirmed in me, by her whole life, by her confidence in me, and her content in my devotion, were a new and full experience to her, as fresh as the vivid happiness which every child finds in its first love. Indeed, I was not jealous of her child.

I was soon to be a father. I longed for the time to come with all a woman's desire, that I might feel the velvet cheek pressed to mine, and the clinging baby-arms twined around my neck. I pictured the time when the innocent eyes would light up with recognition at my voice, when my hand should guide the tottering feet to its mother's knee, and when, oh, joy! I should hear "father!" in the faltering utterance of my child's lips.

It was such a time as this that the first temptation to evil intruded. Alice came to visit her mother good night in her own playful way.

"Pretty mamma, dear mamma, come and sing to me only a little while."

For this child, she could leave my side. Here was a claim stronger than my own, earlier than mine, one that had been all-absorbing before we met, that I knew. It was this child's love that I was jealous of, love, that had stolen from mine the birthright of a first mother kin, who would come between us in the solemn joy to which I looked forward, now to me almost. To Mary, life's holiest emotion would repeat itself feebly.

These thoughts did not come suddenly, but by slow, unresisted approaches. They changed my whole life. I became moody and fitful, irritable to a degree entirely foreign to my nature, when Mary heeded all this tenderness, but bore it softly and patiently. If she guessed the cause, she never uttered a reproach; but I noticed that Alice came to us less frequently, and in her place our first estrangement had commenced.

My boy was given to me in the peril and anxiety of that hour. I forgot all but my precious, suffocating new love. And, as I did, she were taken from me now, life would be a burden. But even when I laid the child beside her for the first time, and saw the loving smile that I asked from the half-closed violet eyes up into mine, the temper returned.

One night, wearied with the restraint of the long, lovely little Alice begged me to let her out upon the stream that ran sparkling and eddying at the foot of the lawn. She was drooping in her mother's absence from her daily life; and I had seen her sobbing more than once because the officious nurse denied her more than her daily visit to the room which Mary had not yet left.

A yielding impulse induced me to grant her request. The sunset was rippling the waves when I pulled past our garden, and floated out of sight. It was quite dark before I turned back, but the child was satisfied, and I was lost in the old bitterness of spirit.

She had been lying quietly on a cloak in the bottom of the boat, unconscious of the cruel speculations of which she was the innocent cause. She loved me and trusted me as ever, and presently crept up and leaned over my knee, and dipping her hand in the warm, pleasant tide, and dropping her curls over her face to see how nearly they touched the water. It was a dangerous position, and I instantly stretched out my hand to guard her. I drew it back slowly. Would it be my fault if she leaned to far? Would not every one understand it as a great straw had hanging on her shoulders by its green ribbon strings, came, heated and breathless, up the garden walk.

"Oh, my darling, what a race! How could you run so fast?" said the young lady.

"Evidently her youngest sister," I said to myself, remarking the likeness between the two.

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I only bowed and walked away. I would not trust myself to speak. I could not tell what to think of her or myself. It is true, I could recall nothing that savored of coquetry, or encouragement in the slightest degree. As I went heedlessly on my way, in my abstraction I suddenly encountered some one going in the opposite direction. In fact, it was more than an encounter—much nearer a collision. Both the parties felt the necessity of an apology.

It was Mr. Gordon. He remembered me, and evidently guessed my errand in the neighborhood.

"Lovely little woman, Mrs. Dean," he said, nodding in the direction of the cottage. "Poor boy her long? Before her husband's death?"

An instant before, I had wished Mr. Gordon on any road he pleased, so that it was not that; now, I thankfully felt constrained to offer him the pleasure of my society for a short space.

"How any man could neglect such a pretty young creature, and so orphan, too, as he did, is past my comprehension. No one ever knew it from her, though; no, bless your soul! She never talked about her own affairs, even to me, and by its force, from the nearest relation she's got in the world—or my wife is, and that's all the same thing. Now I'll be bound she's had many a good offer before; but, you see, she's a rich heiress in her own right, and I wonder she doesn't marry; though, to be sure, her first experience was not very encouraging."

Very, indeed, we bade each other good-bye, and parted.

Now, if there was one class of persons above another which I had always avoided, it was widows. Nevertheless, Mary Dean was the first woman I had ever met who had set me seriously to wishing for a home. Passing fancies I had had my share of; transient infatuations incited by a pretty face or a dashing manner; but this was such a tranquil, dreamy phase of interest before the rude shock which had quickened the latent passion into life, that was the more dangerous.

How happy was I when, at length, she promised to be my wife, and give me that home, rest, and peace, for which I yearned unceasingly. Whatever of lightness or flippancy there had been in my nature, gradually passed away. My life deepened, and was made coherent by her noble companionship. I accepted the trust of rearing her child with all a father's watchfulness, and I decried myself into the belief that I loved the bright little creature as she, Mary, desired me to do.

But I forced myself, at last, to define a certain unrest that crept over me when I thought my earthly happiness was as perfected. It was not jealousy of the dead; for, accepting the existence of wrong and sorrows in her early married life from my chance information, it had since been silently confirmed in me, by her whole life, by her confidence in me, and her content in my devotion, were a new and full experience to her, as fresh as the vivid happiness which every child finds in its first love. Indeed, I was not jealous of her child.

I was soon to be a father. I longed for the time to come with all a woman's desire, that I might feel the velvet cheek pressed to mine, and the clinging baby-arms twined around my neck. I pictured the time when the innocent eyes would light up with recognition at my voice, when my hand should guide the tottering feet to its mother's knee, and when, oh, joy! I should hear "father!" in the faltering utterance of my child's lips.

It was such a time as this that the first temptation to evil intruded. Alice came to visit her mother good night in her own playful way.

"Pretty mamma, dear mamma, come and sing to me only a little while."

For this child, she could leave my side. Here was a claim stronger than my own, earlier than mine, one that had been all-absorbing before we met, that I knew. It was this child's love that I was jealous of, love, that had stolen from mine the birthright of a first mother kin, who would come between us in the solemn joy to which I looked forward, now to me almost. To Mary, life's holiest emotion would repeat itself feebly.

These thoughts did not come suddenly, but by slow, unresisted approaches. They changed my whole life. I became moody and fitful, irritable to a degree entirely foreign to my nature, when Mary heeded all this tenderness, but bore it softly and patiently. If she guessed the cause, she never uttered a reproach; but I noticed that Alice came to us less frequently, and in her place our first estrangement had commenced.

My boy was given to me in the peril and anxiety of that hour. I forgot all but my precious, suffocating new love. And, as I did, she were taken from me now, life would be a burden. But even when I laid the child beside her for the first time, and saw the loving smile that I asked from the half-closed violet eyes up into mine, the temper returned.

One night, wearied with the restraint of the long, lovely little Alice begged me to let her out upon the stream that ran sparkling and eddying at the foot of the lawn. She was drooping in her mother's absence from her daily life; and I had seen her sobbing more than once because the officious nurse denied her more than her daily visit to the room which Mary had not yet left.

A yielding impulse induced me to grant her request. The sunset was rippling the waves when I pulled past our garden, and floated out of sight. It was quite dark before I turned back, but the child was satisfied, and I was lost in the old bitterness of spirit.

She had been lying quietly on a cloak in the bottom of the boat, unconscious of the cruel speculations of which she was the

REPTILES IN JAMAICA.

The conger-eel (says a traveler) is both voracious and venomous in its bite; it is from five to seven feet in length, and of proportionable thickness; it may well be termed a sea-snake; for in its head, eyes, and teeth it much resembles that reptile. It attacks persons in the water, and though the wound it inflicts is seldom deep, it is exceedingly difficult of cure. There are three species of snake in Jamaica, viz: the yellow, the black, and the brown. None of these are venomous in their bite, as I believe is a serious degree, instances having happened of negroes having been bitten by them without suffering any other consequences than a little inflammation, and swelling of the part of the part, and sometimes a slight degree of fever; to remove which all that is necessary is a fomentation of the part with sweet oil, or warm olive, and extracting the tooth of the animal if it has been left in the flesh. It is alleged by some that the bite of the brown snake is mortal; but no instance ever happened of this bite having produced death. Some of the yellow snakes are from ten to twelve feet long, but the general length is from an to eight. This animal is at times exceedingly indolent and inoffensive; when gorged with the periodical quantum of food, and when coiled up and reposing itself, it will permit a person to handle it with impunity, but the average is considerably less than one inch in diameter. The black snake is the most active and vicious of the whole, and is a serious danger, instances having happened of negroes having been bitten by them without suffering any other consequences than a little inflammation, and swelling